

ZION'S HERALD

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"IT DID ME GOOD."—An earnest, faithful Christian—formerly of Boston, now of heaven—once had occasion to visit a sick and dying man who had led an irreligious life. He presented the Gospel with all plainness and fidelity, urging its claims with all the fervor of a warm heart, and the solemnity of a rapidly approaching eternity. When afterwards asked as to the result of his visit, he said: "I have no evidence that it did the man any good, but it did *me* good."

The expression, "It did me good," has lingered in our memory till now. It illustrates the proposition, that trying to do good is beneficial, if the object aimed at be not attained.

We may set a good example by maintaining a Christian spirit under great provocation, or by persevering in labors under great difficulties; and if it is not felt and followed, we can say, "It did me good."

We may speak of Jesus to an impenitent friend or stranger, and no impression appear to be made; yet it is still true, "It did me good."

If we write a religious letter, and receive no answer, or send a book, or hand a tract, or enclose a leaflet in a letter of business or friendship, and hear nothing from them, yet we can feel, "It did me good."

If we visit the afflicted, the sick, the dying, and hold up Christ as the only one who can comfort, heal, and save; even if He be rejected, our pointing the sinner to the Saviour will increase our sense of His value to us, and deepen our love to Him, and we can say, "It did me good."

Let no sinner who comes within our influence, go down to death unwarned, uninvited, untreated; if he will perish, as he treads the pathway leading to his "own place," let us direct his feet around the base of Mount Calvary, and his eyes upward to the cross, with Christ hanging upon it, and bid him listen to the kind invitation from the Sufferer, "Come unto me," so that great sight and that heavenly sound may remove all excuse for his being lost.

Having done this, we may stand peacefully by his coffin and grave; and while we mourn that he is lost, we may say of our endeavor to save him, "It did me good."

Maine, which has invited the first correct, and only possible settlement of the liquor question, has now

taken another step, which will have great influence on the future of the country. She has nominated a candidate for Governor on a Prohibitory platform. The Republican Convention adopted a resolution approving of Prohibition, but many believed that this was only a blind to the party, and that the leaders did not mean to carry out the resolve. So they refused to approve their action, and called a new convention at Portland, which was well attended. Rev. George Pratt was one of the leading members. Hon. N. G. Hitchborn, of Stockton, was nominated for Governor. This is the first introduction of this question directly into politics; and though it may not succeed this year, will ultimately prevail. The Convention also elected delegates to the National Temperance Convention to be held in Chicago, in September. It is a question whether, after the Republican Convention had adopted Prohibition, its friends should abandon the party. Whatever the private reason of its proposers, that act binds the party. Yet these men acted undoubtedly as they felt, with a view to the best future of the State, and prefigure the result in those States where Prohibition is refused the endorsement of the party, either in its Legislature or platform. Only an independent nomination is there possible.

THE WOMEN ARE VOTING quite generally on Lay Representation. *The World* thus describes the balloting at St. Paul's, New York:—

"The polls were open all the evening, and every church member over twenty-one years of age, without regard to sex, had the right to vote, a privilege that was exercised by all the ladies present, none of whom, however, appeared to do any electioneering. There was not the slightest disposition of strong-mindedness. The ladies seemed to vote as moderately and unconcernedly as though they had always exercised that prerogative, and we did not observe any of them using any persuasive blandishments over the minds of their attendant gallants. As a reception and an election, the occasion was a most delightful success."

One wealthy lady, being unwell, ordered her carriage, and rode to the church to deposit her vote. An opponent of Lay Representation, and of the woman's ballot, not only voted, but went round her parish, and drummed up several women's ballots against it. In East Weymouth, two thirds of the voters were women. Their voting has been quite general, and they have evidently enjoyed the privilege. This act of our Church has done more to give woman the State ballot than all other previous events. We hope our very kind, but blind guides, of the Buddhist and Babel schools, will for once acknowledge their indebtedness to the Church for the furtherance of a true reform. It may soothe the troubled soul of Dr. Bushnell to see that woman can vote without being necessarily herself elected to office. Even if this should secure her election to General Conference, it would do no harm. A few ladies in that body may make its excellency more excellent.

It is a curious confirmation of the wisdom of Mr. Sumner's speech, that the Confederate bondholders met last week, in London, and protested against his speech, and petitioned the House of Commons against granting any compensation for such claims of the United States, unless they are adjudicated by an im-

partial tribunal on the principles of equity and international law.

They made no complaint against the Johnson treaty, as that secured them a hearing before the Commissioners. What an insult was that treaty to the American nation, and what a disgrace to its concocters, when it dared to propose for our payment the Rebel bonds, bought by British capitalists to destroy our nation. With Semmes and Laird and the Confederate bondholders, all confirming the positions of Mr. Sumner, it will not be difficult even for the dull British brain (dull as to its obligations to America, though bright enough as to its own interests), to see that those positions are sustained by the judgment of the world, as they will be by the American people.

SCIENTIFIC SCHOLARSHIP IN THE CLERGYMAN.

—*The Independent* very properly calls on the clergy to become scholars in natural and modern science, if they would continue to be the heads of colleges, and masters of the educational forces. It is needed none the less for the preservation of this department from the dangers that attend it, of loose and unchristian speculation, which it falsely fancies to be science. Its reference to their being replaced in Harvard by scientific scholars is not proof of their loss of power or position. A live secularism naturally conquers a dead theologism. It is for living faiths to be strengthened with this living learning. It well says:—

"The clergy of our day are last, instead of first, in the investigations of science. Having, as they do, almost a monopoly in the instruction of our higher institutions of learning, and being slowly replaced in some of the oldest and best of them only because they are not leaders in scientific thought and investigation, it is not creditable to them that their ranks can in this country present the name of scarce one man of any note in the favorite studies of the present generation. On what younger prophet the mantle of President Hitchcock has fallen we cannot tell. It would seem as if believers in the Christian system of faith were content to leave science to materialists or infidels, and bid every pious student study for the ministry, and every minister, whatever his natural taste, labor only for the conversion of souls, instead of edifying the Church and defending the faith. We make bold to say that a man of first-rate abilities, who shall devote his sanctified powers to the task of devoutly studying the laws of Nature in the growth of vitalized matter, or of discovering the prehistoric condition of the world, could, in these days, when so many men are rejoiced to seize on every opportunity for a fling at revelation, do as much directly and indirectly for the cause he has at heart as a Judson or a Spurgeon. He might graft fewer twigs with his own spiritual faith, but he would be modifying the very trunks from which the branches grow. Christ's kingdom may have lost when some unwisely conscientious man gave up his favorite science for a foreign mission, leaving the gap to be filled by an enemy."

The Protestant Episcopal Convention at Chicago, though not largely attended, will be productive of good results. It demanded a revision of the Prayer-book, to the exclusion of all ritualistic grace, and also advised cooperation with other Christian churches. It could have taken bolder ground; but even this, if adhered to, will necessitate even advanced positions. The absurdities and abominations of Dix and Ever will compel that Church more and more to put Low Church doctrines into power. It will never surrender Christ to a ceremony, and exchange the soul of Christianity for its wararobe. This first step will not be the last.

Original and Selected Papers.

THE ARTISTS.

I well recall those pictures as they hung
Upon the ancient walls, in stately pride;
They uttered speech, as if some secret tongue
Within the vivid canvas did abide.

One told the story of proud Egypt's fate,
And seemed to sigh a requiem o'er her grave;
Another wept o'er Athens' grand estate,
Each classic wreck that rain's broad street pave.

And here, Italia's skies smile calmly down
Upon her velvet plain and golden shaf;
Thither Gethsemane's dread, darkened frown,
Tells of Christ's passion and His Godlike grief.

Gaze on, my spirit! Spirit, gaze on still!
'Twas strange to view the world on four square walls,
To gaze from pole to pole, from sea to hill,
To mark each peerless kingdom as it falls.

A work sublime these artists great have wrought;
Our high hearts thrill and bend before their power,
Then all unconsciously my soaring thought
Turned to those artists blest with heavenly dower.

To holy men inspired by heavenly Love,
Who looked from earth through Faith's immortal eye,
Who saw among the raptures far above,
The glory that pervadeth earth and sky.

Each gazing, filled, upon the Saviour's face,
Beheld some feature different from the rest,
For heaven adjusts its lights that each may trace
The outline that may be for him the best.

With souls forever bent on the Divine,
They take such humble means as earth can yield,
And trace God's mystery with touch so fine,
So simple too, that not one thought is sealed.

O holy work! O all inspired Book!
O pictured transcript of the Holiest, Best!
With humble hearts to Him we strive to look,
Who gave thee to us, His Divine behest.

JOSEPHINE BEEKMAN.

CHURCH "COMMUNION" AND "UNIFICATION."

BY REV. DR. STEVENS.

The enactment of the municipal authorities of Washington, giving to the colored people equal and indiscriminative accommodations in the theatres of the National Capital, is not a little significant. It is in advance of public sentiment in most of our Northern Republican communities. It reminds us of the struggle which the proscribed race has had to make for equal accommodation in the city cars. They have the latter, now, pretty generally, and nobody finds it a grievance; everybody, indeed, wonders that there should have been so much repugnance to it; for it "works well," so well that the most fastidious passengers in the New York or Boston cars (always excepting addle-headed "snobs"), are puzzled to discover a single indication of the anticipated and dreaded consequences. There is, however, a sad significance, also, about this growing concession to good sense and right feeling, on the part of our secular corporations—it throws a dark shade of contrast on our religious bodies. The latter, instead of leading the former, are actually behind them, and there is danger that the barbarism of public sentiment, entailed by slavery, will not be routed from the churches, till it has been overthrown in almost every other stronghold which it still retains. This is a sad indication, we repeat, a sad disparagement, not of Christianity, for that stands unimpeachably superior to such petty uncharitableness and puerile folly,—but of the churches which, by abnegating the spirit of Christian liberality, thereby abdicate their highest prerogative, that of leading public opinion, and of overthrowing the reign of depraved prejudice.

Just now the idea of ecclesiastical "unification" seems to be providentially developing, and promising to become a new and general force in Christendom. Some of our exchanges hail it as the "next dominant idea of the Christian world." We hope their anticipation is true prophecy, for whatever accommodation to freedom of conscience, and advantage to free inquiry after truth, denominational forms of Christianity may afford, it is indisputable that the divisions and subdivisions of Protestantism are superfluously numerous, and lead to fearful waste of energy, money, and charity, while they yield incalculable advantage to the common

adversaries. There is no good reason why the Presbyterian nuptials, lately begun in New York, should not be consummated, with the congratulations of the Protestant world, and the singing of the heavenly host for joy. There are several Methodist bodies in this country, and as many in England, which, if they recognized the Scriptural superiority of "charity" over "ecclesiasticism" and "dogmatism," would blend at once in harmonious and perpetual wedlock. After all such possible reunions, there will remain enough denominational distinctions to allow of all needed freedom of religious thought and activity; and, indeed, any such recombinations, founded, as they must be, in enlarged liberality, will of themselves promote that freedom.

We would unite, then, in proclaiming with "singing and shouting," these blessed banns, and would look forward, with joy, to the more blessed wedding festivals. But we hold, with one of our most liberal Methodist exchanges (*The Northwestern Advocate*), that there must be better moral preparation for these ecclesiastical recombinations, before we can expect any other result than their defeat—that there must be Protestant "catholicity" before Protestant "unification," "communion" before "union." We are not much afraid of initial defeats; they may be preparatory, and in this sense necessary; a people, newly plunged in war, can hardly learn to fight victoriously, till it has suffered some disasters. Such preliminary failures may lead to the detection of the moral impediments to reunion, and thereby to their speedier removal. The late reply of the Southern to the Northern Bishops, disclose them, strikingly, as between the two chief sections of American Methodism. Methodists of both sides, who are so eager for reunion, can now perceive what is necessary to be done for the consummation of their design. Let them "do the duty nearest to them, and all others will follow in their right place." There is a volume of practical philosophy in that good Dutch maxim. The following traditions are not yet extinct in the Southern mind. It declines still to lay to heart the solemn lesson of Providence in its late history. It wonders at that stunning history, but refuses to interpret it, pronouncing it a "mysterious providence." To the vision of all the rest of the Christian world it presents no mystery. It is one of the most obvious and intelligible providences in the history of the human race. He that runs, though a fool, should be able to read it. Some few Southern men do read it, even among the heretofore most rabid politicians. Gov. Wise, who hung John Brown, declares that he now sees, in the war, an intervention of Providence for the overthrow of slavery, which the perversion of Southern opinion rendered hopeless, short of such a divine demonstration; and in a letter to a Southern Methodist he cries out, "woe" to such leaders of the South as do not acknowledge the fact, and dare to interpose any further obstruction to conciliation and reunion of Northern and Southern churches, and all other interests. The old "fire-eater" evidently has something of a head on his shoulders, and heart in his breast. He is in advance of all the Methodist Bishops and editors of the South, and his example should shame them into reflection and compunction. Reunion! let us have it, but let us first have the necessary preliminaries. Ecclesiastical schemes will avail nothing while we scout the most obvious demands of charity, and ignore the essential parity of humanity on the platform of the common faith.

We must not only cease our recriminations about the old antecedents of our Church controversy, leaving the dead to bury the dead, but we must rise to a new life, to the legitimate standard of the emancipated public opinion of the nation, to which God, as by the trumpets of his angels, has been summoning us amidst the din of our battle-fields; and we must recognize there, before all the world, humanity in its unity and indefeasible equality, Christianity in its impartiality to all conditions, all colors, "all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people." Popery disowns, under the dome of St. Peter's, and amidst the splendors of the Vatican, the imbecile discriminations of race which are still consecrated in our "meeting houses." African Bishops march there, without disparagement, in the mitred hosts of the "princes of the Church," and the Ethiopian kneels before the cross, by the side of the

noble. When will American Protestantism be equally humane, while protesting that it is more Christian? Can it ever hope to have ecclesiastical unification till it has this moral catholicity?

"I AM INSIDE THE BAR."

BY REV. E. A. HELMERSHAUSEN.

I think it was a physician who said to Mr. Wesley, "Your people die well." I once heard a gentleman, who was leaning towards the humanitarian religion, say, "I ask not how people feel, but what are they doing; not how they die, but how have they lived." This may be very well when properly understood; but the experience of an immortal spirit in the grace of God, is the most sublime thing in the universe of created beings, and there is an awful significance in our dying. The monarch singer of Israel said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul!" and the greatest of all the Apostles uttered this triumphant shout from the mouth of the grave, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Many years ago there lived on the banks of the lower Penobscot a young girl who in early life was familiar with boats and vessels, and had often gazed upon the river and its bay. While still quite young she moved up the river towards the forests where rolls the Aroostook; and after passing the privations and hardships incident to a new country, she became, in the evening of life, insane, and was dying of a cancer. Often did the husband and children look upon the sufferer and ask, Will there be one lucid moment before she passes from these appalling sufferings. And as often it seemed that such a moment could never come. One day, towards evening, as they kept their vigils around her, suddenly the venerable and care-worn face became calm, there was a mild, gentle light in the eye, the breathing seemed easier and lower, the lips opened, and there escaped this sentence—"I am inside the bar."

Reader, you have seen the dull, cloudy day, and then just before night came on, you have seen the clouds rise along the western sky, and just above the horizon the light of the setting sun coming forth to gild the hill tops and mountain summits, as an emblem of a divine benediction. So it was here. As the greater night of death came on there was fulfilled the words of the prophet, "At evening time there shall be light."

FIGHTING UNDER A CLOUD.

BY REV. L. F. DRAKE, OF TENNESSEE.

November 24th, 1863, will ever be a memorable day to thousands of our brave soldiers who yet survive the battle of Lookout Mountain in Tennessee. The deeds of that day, as performed by Major-General Joe Hooker and his braves, have been recorded in the history of our country, and will be handed down to posterity; and when in future years it shall be read by thousands yet unborn, of the bravery displayed by the Federal Army in the storming and taking of Lookout Mountain, they will hardly credit the fact. The fighting near the base of the mountain commenced quite early in the morning with occasional shots from cannon and small arms. But about 11 o'clock A. M. the "dogs of war" opened up in stern reality. I secured a position upon the side of a large hill that overlooked Chattanooga, and from there I could see the firing from both armies. I was cognizant of the fact, that preparations had been making for some time to take this "stronghold," but when the time had arrived, and our soldiers and officers had commenced this great undertaking, I almost doubted the ability of our troops to climb up this steep and rugged mountain, having to fight in the face of the enemy's cannon and musketry. Starvation was staring us in the face. We were allowed quarter rations, and these were growing "beautifully less" every day. Hundreds of our soldiers, and many wounded in tent hospitals on the morning of the battle, had been compelled to eat parched corn; consequently it was victory or death.

"What can we not endure,
When pains are lessened by the hope of cure?"

When our troops arrived at the foot of the mountain, they were ordered to take the rifle-pits that were filled with Rebel soldiers, a very short distance before them. They not only went Jehu-like, but as they "charged bayonet" they gave a shout of victory that was heard beyond the line of battle. The Rebels were repulsed, and the rifle-pits taken, with a large number of Rebel prisoners. About three o'clock in the afternoon, these heroic men arrived at what was then called the "White House." During the most of the battle, a heavy cloud had settled down over the mountain, and part of the time our soldiers aimed their guns "by faith and not by sight." They did not succeed in scaling the top of the mountain till after the "noon of night;" but as soon as they did, they hoisted the flag of our country, the emblem of civil liberty, on the highest peak of the mountain; and the next morning, as the sun arose, we could see the "Stars and Stripes" floating triumphantly and defiantly, where, a few hours before,

the "Stars and Bars" had been hoisted. Our men could and did sing "Our flag is there," &c. Cheer after cheer rent the air till our "soldier boys" became hoarse in celebrating their victory over the enemies of our country.

The *Christian soldier* is engaged in a contest with the powers of darkness. The arch-enemy of mankind has created a great rebellion in the spiritual world. He, with his minions, is seeking to overthrow the empire of King Immanuel. A great spiritual warfare is being waged in the world. The soldiers of Christ sometimes are tempted to shrink from the contest, and for a short time seemingly retreat from the battle-field; but amid the din of battle, and the conflict of arms, they hear the sound of the Gospel trumpet, "Our God shall fight for us." They buckle on the Gospel armor afresh, and go forth again "to conquer and to conquest." Others, again, contend under a "heavy cloud," but from the "cloud" they hear their glorious leader saying to them, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Being stimulated by the promises of the Gospel, and having faith in God, they use the weapons of their warfare, and overcome at last, and stand on "Zion's Hill," and shout from the battlements of heaven, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever!"

"Soldier, rest; thy work is done;
Sharp the contest, fierce the strife;
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
Thy sure reward—eternal life."

"With one accord in prayer and supplication."—Acts 1. 14.

O Lord! "with one accord,"
We gather round Thy throne,
To hear Thy Holy Word,
To worship Thee alone;
Now send from heav'n the Holy Ghost;
Be this another Pentecost.

We have no strength to meet
The storms that round us low'r;
Keep Thou our trembling feet,
In every trying hour.
More than victorious shall we be,
If girded with Thy panoply!

Where is the mighty wind,
That shook the holy place—
That gladdened ev'ry mind,
And brightened ev'ry face?
And where the cloven tongues of flame
That marked each follower of the Lamb?

There is no change in Thee,
Lord God the Holy Ghost,
Thy glorious majesty,
Is as at Pentecost.
O! may our loosened tongues proclaim,
That Thou, our God, art still the same.

And may that living wave
That issues from on high,
Whose golden waters lave
Thy throne eternally,
Flow down in pow'r on us to-day,
And none shall go unblessed away!

Anoint us with Thy grace,
To yield ourselves to Thee,
To run our daily race,
With joy and energy,
Until we hear the Bridegroom say,
"Rise up, my love, and come away."

GOOD SAYINGS, WHOEVER SAID THEM.—Dr. Johnson remarks, in one of his papers in the *Rambler*, that "the vicious moralist may be considered as a taper, by which we are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated passions; he extends his radiance further than his heat, and guides all that are within view, but burns only those who make too near approaches. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions in which it will not be inquired whether the author be good or bad; to times when all his faults, and all his follies, shall be lost in forgetfulness, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thousands and ten thousands, that flame which burnt but dimly in himself, through the fumes of passion, or the damps of cowardice." If all the good, wise, and true sayings of false, foolish, and wicked men could be collected, they would make a surprising and instructive book. Let us note a few examples of these good words from bad or doubtful sources.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—BALAAM.

"We must needs die, and are as water spilled on the ground which cannot be gathered up again."—WOMAN OF TEKOA.

"It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."—CAIAPHAS.

"If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, we cannot overthrow it."—GAMALIEL.

"Peruse the works of our philosophers with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scriptures!" "Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, and without ostentation?" "If the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."—ROUSSEAU.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." "I never drink; I cannot afford it; it costs me three days, the first in sinning, the second in suffering, the third in repenting."—LAURENCE STERNE.

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man." "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him." "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well; then I did wrong to make you a general." (To Gen. Bertrand.)—NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE.

"When I reflect upon what I have seen, what I have heard, what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; and I look on what has passed as one of those wild dreams which opium occasions, and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive illusion."—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A BIT OF ORANGE PEEL.—The *Hartford Courant* states the following curious result of a five cent investment: A man from the country invested five cents in the purchase of an orange, and, preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after a young woman came along, slipped upon the peel, and fell upon the walk, breaking her leg. The young woman was to have been married next day, but wasn't. The man who was to marry her had come from St. Paul, Minn., and was obliged to return on account of business, to await the recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie Railroad which ran off the track, and his shoulder blade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. The Traveller's Insurance Company, in which he was insured, had to pay \$150 in weekly installments before he recovered.

On getting back to St. Paul he found that his forced absence had upset a business arrangement which he had expected to complete, at a pecuniary loss to him of \$5,000. Meantime the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so enfeebled her health that her marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect upon the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota with four small children. This so worked on the mind of the girl that she is now in the insane hospital in Middletown. Her father, outraged by the conduct of the young man, brought a suit for breach of promise, and has just recovered \$10,000. The anxiety and expense of the whole affair thus far has been enormous, as anybody can see. Similar cases are likely to occur, so long as people will persist in throwing orange peel around loose.

CLOSEST COMMUNION.—Grace Greenwood tells the story in the *Independent*, of a queer ex-minister whom she knew in her youth at Farmington, Connecticut: "He got into ecclesiastical hot water, came under censure, and was suspended from his church privileges. He took the discipline in a most unsanctified spirit; went regularly to meeting, always coming rather late, stamping up the aisle, and scowling around him in unconquerable defiance. On communion Sundays he actually brought with him his own bread and wine—the latter in a vial, suspended from his neck by a string. There could hardly be imagined a sight more shocking, and at the same time ludicrous, than the stout, fiery old recusant, sitting bolt upright in his pew, eating from his little private store of bread and drinking from his 'vial of wrath.' This seems to me about the closest communion on record. Taken in that way, from the vial, the wine seemed to choke him; as, after a swallow, he always gave a sharp 'Ahem!' which resounded through the meeting-house."

WHERE SHALL I SPEND THE SUMMER?—Many of our city readers, doubtless, are asking this question: we trust that they are seeking direction, not from man but from God. We trust they are asking, not only where they can best find health and recreation, but where, during their brief summer sojourn, they can do most to benefit their fellow-men, and to honor their Lord. What a blessing to many destitute parts of the country this annual exodus from our cities would be, if Christians, who were thus scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the Word! How many Sunday-schools might be organized, how many Gospel addresses might be made, how many religious books, magazines, and papers might be distributed, how many churches might be quickened, how many pastors encouraged and sustained! And how much happier would Christian families in the country be, if they sought recreation, not in those empty pleasures to which the world is given, but in some intelligent and well-ordered service to the Saviour! We know a Christian gentleman in a neighboring city, who seldom goes forth to drive in the suburbs, without carrying with him a large number of illustrated religious papers, to scatter by the roadside. Hundreds of copies of the *British Workman* have been thus distributed, and when its interesting and instructive stories have been read, its beautiful engravings have been tacked up on the cottage walls, to keep alive the memory of the truths instilled. Who could look, day by day, on the beautiful picture of the "Oiled Feather," and not think of the lessons taught by "Rusty Joe," and "Polished Sam?"

We beg of our readers who go to the country this summer, to seek spheres of real usefulness, and to go forth prepared for service. Take attractive as well as useful books, and magazines and papers. Scatter everywhere the precious seed of Divine truth. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and the lonely, sympathize with the sorrowful, speak of Jesus and His wonderful love to the multitudes who know Him not.

"Let everybody see it,
That Christ has made you free;
And when it sets one longing,
Say, 'Jesus died for thee.'"
Protestant Churchman.

A PRAYER.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Thou, who dost dwell alone;
Thou, who dost know Thine own;
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, O save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep,
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave—
Save, O save!
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no higher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, O save!
From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mara thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing—
Save, O save!
From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong,
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea—
O set us free!
O let the false dream fly,
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
O where Thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild,
All strifes reconciled,
All pains beguiled,
Light brings no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing—
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, O save!

GOD ROCKS BOTH CRADLES.—The *Congregationalist* has this happy incident from a contributor:—

On a recent Sabbath morning, I learned that a neighboring Methodist church was to come over and worship with its sister church in our village, on the occasion of the visit of the Presiding Elder of the district. A "love feast" was to be held before the regular services; having never attended one, I dropped in, and not only satisfied my curiosity, but was spiritually profited. Soon after entering, I heard, amid earnest Amens, the pastor's wife say, that she "was rocked in the cradle of the Methodist Church, and dandled on its knees." The pastor asking me to "come forward and say something," I referred to that remark by his wife and said, "I was rocked in the cradle of the Congregational Church. I thanked God that these different organizations were only cradles; that if we were true Christians, God was our common Father, and Jesus Christ Elder Brother to all of us." To this remark there were many fervent Amens. The Elder following, clinched it by saying: "These different denominations are only cradles; these two churches here, so unlike in so many respects, are a unit in Christ; they are only cradles, but God rocks them both."

VOICES OF GRACE.—It is marvelous and beautiful to observe how various are the voices of free grace. "I am thirsty," says one. "Come to the waters," she cries. "I am hungry," says another. "Then eat ye that which is good," she says, "and let your soul delight itself in fatness." "But I am poor and have nothing to buy with." "Come, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price." "We are weary," sigh the laborers in the sun-beaten fields. "Come unto me," breathes her answer like a breeze from the waters, "and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee," she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway. "Behold the Fountain," she cries to the guilty; "the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." To the lost she cries, "I am the Way;" to the ignorant, "I am the Truth;" to the dying, "I am the Life." How large her welcome to the sinner, how soothing her consolations to the mourner, how inspiring her tones to him that is faint of heart! There is no disease for which she has not a remedy, no want for which she has not a supply; and every one who applies to her shall confess at length, "It is enough; I am blessed as if all the methods and riches of grace were for me alone!"—Hoge.

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet, far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.

For the Children.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy tree, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about:
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call;
"Come up! come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the bright, green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home.
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Where'er he listeth, there to flee;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy regions old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

AMUSEMENTS FOR BOYS.

POCKET KNIVES.

I wonder if every boy big enough to have pants, boots, and pockets, is the happy owner of a good jack-knife; if not, by all means buy one the very first thing you do. The best way for you to get one is not to have your father buy it for you, though there is no special objection to that, but earn the money yourself, then buy a nice, strong knife that will do you good service, and it is all your own, because you have worked to get it, and bought it with your own money. When you have a knife, and a pocket to carry it in, you are in a fair way to cut your way through a great many difficulties. Don't begin by trimming off the corners of the chairs, and cutting into the sofa to see if it is real mahogany; don't cut the desks at school when you feel a little tired and lazy; don't try the sharp edge on any of the young trees in the garden, and mind not to cut your fingers. It is surprising how much comfort there is in a good pocket knife, comfort for boys, I mean, for girls don't care for such things. If a boy has a knife, what is there to hinder him from making anything he wants, if he only has patience and is willing to work? His skate wood is broken; he can take pattern from the old one, get the right kind of wood, and soon he has made his own repairs and spent a stormy day very pleasantly; he wants a fish-pole, and away he goes to the woods, and some straight, slim birch or maple falls before the ever ready knife; he wants a whistle for himself in the spring-time, when the bark of the willow, or chestnut, or butternut peel easily, and the knife does the work; he wants a pop-gun made of the hollow elder, and his knife fits him out with this amusing and harmless piece of artillery; he wants a bow and arrow, and selecting a straight, nice bit of walnut, ash, or, what is even better, a smooth round branch of hemlock, the invaluable knife can fashion from the raw material a bow which will be worth a great deal more to a genuine boy than any that could be bought at the toy stores. So I might go on to tell what things a boy can make with a knife, while all this time he is cultivating a spirit of enterprise, patience, and self-reliance, stimulating his inventive faculty, and calling into exercise his ingenuity, and withal making himself independent, happy, and useful. One of the surest ways to make a boy a poor helpless man, is to buy for him, ready made, all the toys and playthings he desires. What boys need most of all, is a good, honest pocket knife, and a few simple tools, and then give them a corner where they can whittle and pound to their heart's content.

I shall certainly expect that after my boys read this letter they will provide themselves and begin to practice on what I have already told them. You will find that with a little care and perseverance you will soon be able to provide yourselves and your little sisters with a great many useful and amusing articles which you can manufacture on

rainy days and in the evenings. It is very much better to be thus employed, after your lessons are learned, than to be out in the streets at night, playing with all sorts of boys, and better than to be found playing the little and sometimes very foolish, if not wicked games in which children engage.

Perhaps some of the boys who read this letter, never had a knife, and don't know how to get one, and yet there is nothing they would like better. Now, if I were Editor of the ZION'S HERALD, I would add to the list of prizes which are now promised to those who get new subscribers, a shorter list for boys, like this: for one new subscriber, a new knife with one blade; for two, a knife with two blades, and so on up to four or six. I expect, if this should be done, there would be a great demand for knives, and a great many new readers of THE HERALD.

Now, boys, let me advise you, whether you own a knife or not, to so live and act, that you may carve your names high up on the monuments of fame; make yourselves loved and honored by all the good, and make the bad better, and the wretched happy, by your words and deeds. To do all this, first give yourselves to Jesus, and ever live in the fear of God.

UNCLE W.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—One day the Duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next morning. Early in the morning the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress. As he went along, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent—

"Hie mun, come here, and gie's a han' wi' this beast."
The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, mun, and help us, and as sure as anything I've gie ye half I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.
"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folks at the big house are guid to a bodies."

As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's half o' it."

"But surely you had more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke: "there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service immediately.

"You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your deceitfulness: learn, for the future, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy now found out who it was that helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school, and provided for him at his own expense.

THE WORST OF IT.—"Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a poor boy to me one afternoon.

I looked at the little fellow, and saw that he was poorly dressed. In his hand was a large basket full of ripe raspberries.

I told him I should like to have some; and taking the basket from him, stepped into the house. He did not follow me.

"Why don't you come in, and see if I measure your berries rightly?" said I. "How do you know but I may cheat you, and take more than I agreed for?"

The boy looked up at me and smiled, "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get THE WORST OF IT, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think that would be the worst for you?"

Let us think of this when we are tempted in any way to cheat another. How often do we hear persons pity any one who has had his property stolen from him. Yet though a man lose all and keep honest, he is rich indeed compared to the man who robbed him.—*Winning Words.*

LAY REPRESENTATION.

The following votes have been received since our last:—

Harvard Street, Cambridge,	.80 for, 13 against.
Walnut Street, Chelsea,	.40 " 0 "
Saratoga Street, Boston,	.39 " 4 "
Osterville,	.14 " 0 "
East Weymouth,	.44 " 15 "
Hanover Street, Boston,	.67 " 3 "
Medford,	.40 " 1 "
Newfield, Me.,	.10 " 1 "

Peabody,	.31 for, 1 against.
East Douglas,	.14 " 0 "
Winthrop Street, Boston,	.29 " 2 "
Richmond,	.12 " 0 "
Thompsonville, Conn.,	.15 " 3 "
Acushnet,	.13 " 2 "
Dorchester Street, Boston,	.9 " 28 "
Haverhill,	.41 " 2 "
New Milford, Conn.,	.18 " 8 "
Highlands Church, Boston,	.27 " 2 "
North Manchester,	.18 " 13 "
Kent's Hill,	.16 " 8 "
Saratoga Springs,	.12 " 15 "
Trinity Church, Charlestown,	.38 " 5 "
Weston, Vt.,	.13 " 1 "
Somerville,	.17 " 4 "
Williston,	.18 " 4 "
Rockport,	.19 " 1 "
Farmington, Me.,	.20 " 5 "
Wilton, Me.,	.8 " 0 "
E. Wilton, Me.,	.11 " 0 "
Brunswick, Me.,	.27 " 0 "
Mt. Bellingham Church, Chelsea,	.41 " 8 "
Revere Street, Boston,	.26 " 3 "
Littleton, N. H.,	.20 " 3 "
Goodwin's Corner, Me.,	.3 " 1 "
Hunter's Mills,	.2 " 10 "
Burnham,	.3 " 0 "
Strong,	.24 " 0 "
Newport,	.13 " 1 "
Brick Chapel, Bangor, Me.,	.46 " 8 "
Union Street,	.13 " 0 "
Chicopee Falls,	.12 " 0 "
Fitchburg,	.15 " 20 "
Chatham,	.0 " 23 "
New Market, N. H.,	.9 " 5 "
North Manchester, Conn.,	.18 " 13 "
New London,	.14 " 7 "
East Hartford,	.7 " 2 "
South Manchester,	.22 " 6 "
Greenville,	.8 " 0 "
Baltic,	.26 " 4 "
Mystic,	.18 " 0 "
East Haddam,	.13 " 0 "
Haddam Neck,	.2 " 0 "
Colchester,	.11 " 0 "
E. Main Street, Norwich, Conn.,	.20 " 1 "
Sachem,	.4 " 24 "
Central Church,	.8 " 10 "
North Church,	.1 " 3 "
E. Greenwich,	.5 " 5 "
Bristol,	.57 " 2 "
Warren,	.32 " 14 "
Phenix,	.36 " 2 "
Fall River, First Church,	.41 " 3 "
Newport, Thames Street,	.4 " 12 "

Correspondence.

RHINE HILLS AND WIESBADEN PLAINS.

The relation between these seeming contraries is simple and intimate. After days of lounging among the hills of the ever beautiful stream, I am whirled into this unbroken plain at evening, and though I left there hills, toil, poverty, frugality, and find here plain, luxury, wealth, and wasteful prodigality, yet the connection seems natural and intimate. Even the bees labor not for their own profit; even the laboring classes toil to support the waste of the idle. The wine grows on the slowly disintegrating stone of the Rhine hills, but it is brought here to be consumed. I have seen more money staked and lost here in half a minute, than the toil of hundreds, along the steep slopes of the Rhine, could produce in a year. Were it not that the million toiled, for the thousand to spend, there must be less prodigality. While these laces and jewels are before my eye, I see through them all, to the hard toil of so many hundreds who earn, but never wear them. Up those extremely steep hills are toiling in the hot sun, without which no grape could hoard its sweetness, hundreds of women, with hard hands, bare arms, and coarsest raiment, all their blighted lives, to earn the gold that that finely dressed lady lays with such seeming carelessness on the gaming table, for such a brief moment, till the wheel of fate stops, and the banker rakes it in. For a dozen centuries have the millions of Europe been giving their earnings to the few, and hence a few such places as this are possible.

How like a mounting devil in the heart rules and raves the passion for gambling. I first thought it was all in fun. The gambling had just opened, the stream of chat flowed quite noisily. People hardly cared to look whether the chances were favorable or not. The bankers hoed in and flung out, without much scrutiny. But 'soon-all talk stopped. They kept lists of all the lucky numbers, they consulted lists kept on former occasions. Hands began to tremble. Faces grew hard and sharp. Color came and went. Breathing was audible in many cases. One old man had been lucky for a long time. He left his growing pile on the lucky number, till it reached a very large sum, when all at once, it went to the banker's hoard at one fell swoop. He fell back into a chair, and did not rally for a long time. A brown, hard-handed man came in and reached over, and laid down his coin, evidently his only piece, just earned likely. He lost and turned away, penniless, no doubt. An old lady, evidently not rich, stood nervously fingering a small bag of coin; several times

she won, and looked exultant; then lost nearly all she had. Such a revulsion of feeling is inexpressible in words.

Around me was an Eden garden, all of beauty and grace that God gave to trees, twining vines, blooming roses, flowing water, and graceful birds; but here also Satan had come, here he proffered the seductive fruit, here came men to eat greedily, even after they found it to be evil, only evil, and that continually. The few hundreds that play here, lose \$137,000 every year, and still they play on, and will, till the law that has doomed the practice goes into force, some two years hence.

MARTIN MISSIONS, ANSTALT.

After three Sabbaths on the water, I started with a very keen appetite, to find some kind of a religious service. What matters it, if the utterances were in nearly unknown tongues. The Spirit could give life. When I give my assent to the article of faith, "I believe in the communion of saints," I never think it means verbal communication. We found the Methodist Chapel, after a long hunt, notwithstanding it had been hidden very skillfully. I think nothing but a religious instinct would ever take one to it. The service was nearly finished, before our instinct, somewhat too weak for so great an exigency, enabled us to arrive. But it was good to be there. A brother was praying in downright German earnestness. He opened heaven, and the rain fell. How sweet to the heart is communion of saints. I could say Amen heartily. Although I knew but little of what he said, I felt that I was not saying "Amen, hit or miss."

After service we walked up to the Mission Building. Here the best of judgment has been shown. The site is admirably chosen on a high piece of ground, where all is new and tasteful. It is the best part of the city. The lot is large, grounds ornamented with shrubbery, trees, and a small vineyard. The building is plain, but substantial, roomy, and seems to be just right. They have thirteen students fitting for the ministry. Some of them go out to exercise their gifts, almost every day in the week. Dr. Hurst and Bro. Paulus seem by their thorough scholarship and Christian urbanity, to be excellently fitted for the instruction of those under their charge. Methodism has great things to expect from this school of the prophets in the land of Luther.

For the next few days, my way lay along the paths made glorious by the firm footsteps of him who stood up for Jesus in face of every peril. I saw in Frankfurt where he preached when on his way to Worms. When the sun was but two or three hours high, I came in sight of the

CASTLE OF THE WARTBURG.

Its commanding height was soon reached, its relics of Luther and Saint Elizabeth examined, and I sat down to view the vast stretch of country, that lies at the foot of this place of power. I lingered long after the sun had gone down, and the full moon lit up the wide landscape.

As I sat on the old draw bridge, long after everything about the castle had become quiet, and the sounds of life in the city below had sunk to rest, I closed my eyes and saw troops of the men, that for ages have made this place their strong tower. They passed in by me, crusaders from Palestine, pilgrims from Rome, peasants bearing charity, lords having extorted taxes, slaves bearing burdens, tyrants dragging captives; all the old armor in the museum was full of men, those mailed forms of horses were prancing with life, and just as all the past lived before me, some one began to play a harp, in one of the Minnesingers of four hundred and fifty years ago became a thing of to-day. Other instrumental music followed, and the contest seemed to be going forward, when suddenly all was changed in a moment. A magnificent voice began to sing Old Hundred. Three hundred years passed in a flash, and Luther was there in the very room where he so often sung, if he did not compose, that grand old song of praise. The contest of warriors disappeared, the trial of singers became as nothing, for Luther sang to fight the devil. His carnal weapon, the inkstand, had proved unavailing, and having learned that the "devil cannot abide good music," he was pouring forth the best he knew to his discomfiture. There was an evident spirit of victory, ringing out in those exultant notes. The song ceased, and I could see Luther, in what he called his Patmos, writing his translation of the Bible, to give God's word to the people of Germany. What a word of power. For hundreds of years Power has had here its seat. As far as the eye can reach, it made itself felt century after century. Up this hill, over this drawbridge, under this heavy gateway, have come suppliants asking mercy, subjects bringing tribute, mighty men to do homage, but it has all passed away, and the power never reached beyond the horizon's rim. But in that cell, that looks out on the western sky, yet faintly blushing with the hues of sunset, sits a man preparing to send out God's word of power. It goes forth, and the continent cannot contain its divine energy. It runs to and fro in the whole earth, it increases with the lapse of time. Surely this is the place to learn, that while some trust in horses, and some in chariots, we should remember the name and word of the Lord our God.

PALACES AND HOVELS.

I have walked through many palaces, have been wearied with their extent, dazzled by their brilliancy, and amazed at their incalculable richness. But right by their doors I come to the hovels of the poor. I do not wonder that Death knocks with equal step at their several doors; they are close together. I see in the very gardens, where the velvet turf is not good enough for the feet of royalty, old, withered, crushed women, down on their scarcely protected knees, delving their hands in the dirt. They have never known ease, refinement, de-

velopment. They are beasts of burden. They stagger under loads it often takes two men to lift to their backs. I have seen girls not eight years old, already put into training for the life from which there can be no escape. As I think of this, these treasures of fine gold become dim, the silver is cankered, these gorgeous tapestries are moth-eaten. Much as I love art and beauty, I should like to see four or five palaces I have seen, and devote the proceeds to the elevation of the peasantry, whose ancestors have earned it all.

I close here in Berlin, as I began near the banks of the Rhine, for the same thought has been pressed on me at every step. A hundred toil for one to waste. Everywhere we are told that the life of the toiler is of no value. Let it be expended in works of folly. Amid all these boundless gatherings in museums, there is nowhere shown a labor-saving machine. An old pipe of some despicable tyrant, a toe nail of some disreputable saint, a plate out of which some king had his dogs eat, is much more highly prized. So men mow, I suppose, though I have seen ten women mowing, to one man, with a straight, heavy swath. They hoe with such abominable instruments, that the temptation to go down on one's knees, and dig with the hands is often yielded to. They clatter round in heavy wooden shoes. When I consider that a German has clogs on his feet, and a tremendous pipe always in his teeth, I cease to wonder at the slowness of his movements.

I hope hereafter to speak of the vast treasures of art, that have been accumulating here for centuries.

H. W. W.

BERLIN, June 1.

Our Book Table.

TRAVELS.

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD, by C. C. Coffin. Fields, Osgood & Co. Willis described George P. Morris as standing breast-high with the people, and so throwing off his poems to a universally admiring crowd. Every generation produces that literary class; every generation will continue so to do. Peter Parley, Jacob Abbott, Dr. Dick, Bayard Taylor, are among their representatives; only the latter has been away from this early love and reward with the vain attempt to be something otherwise, — an attempt which has not increased, but diminished both fortune and fame. Mr. Coffin to-day occupies probably the best place in this class of litterateurs; James Parton might contend with him for the pre-eminence, though the latter essays other flights than those which content "Carleton." He is a shrewd observer, a clear narrator, a balanced thinker. He goes into no hysterics, up or down. When he paints an agony, it is done calmly, and with perfect self-control. He never loses his temper. Once he plies his tongue on a reluctant Hindoo driver, but we doubt if the chap felt the blow. He says he "sprang towards him like a tiger. All but 'the tiger.'" His description of India and China is very full and interesting, especially that of India. He commends the missionary work, and sees, like a Christian and man of common sense, as he is, that only their preaching, and its accompanying work, is to regenerate that region. His book is profusely pictured, and will be found eminently readable. Why will not our Sunday-schools inaugurate a higher grade of library books with this work? It will be greedily read by all the children, of every age.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST, by R. H. Dana, Jr. New Edition. Fields, Osgood & Co. This also should go into Sunday-school libraries. It is the best story of a sailor's life ever written; as clear as De Foe, without a touch of romance, it tells the exact life of those who do business on the great waters. The vessel he sailed in was burned by Semmes, and the British Government. It is the only tragical feature of the work, unless the slaughter of the cattle, whose hides he packed, should be ranked in this department. He little thought, when visiting California for hides, that such a commerce would arise for gold. "Great numbers of deer then overran the islands and hills of San Francisco Bay." He was enthusiastic, then, over this port. Thus he speaks of it: —

"Our place of destination had been Monterey, but as we were to the northward of it when the wind hauled ahead, we made a fair wind for San Francisco. This large bay, which lies in latitude 37° 58', was discovered by Sir Francis Drake, and by him represented to be (as indeed it is) a magnificent bay, containing several good harbors, great depth of water, and surrounded by a fertile and finely wooded country. About thirty miles from the mouth of the bay, and on the southeast side, is a high point, upon which the presidio is built. Behind this point is the little harbor, or light, called Yerba Buena, in which trading-vessels anchor, and near it, the Mission of Dolores. There was no other habitation on this side of the bay, except a shanty of rough boards put up by a man named Richardson, who was doing a little trading between the vessels and the Indians. Here, at anchor, and the only vessel, was a brig under Russian colors, from Sitka, in Russian America, which had come down to winter, and to take in a supply of tallow and grain, great quantities of which latter article are raised in the Mission at the head of the bay.

"We sailed down this magnificent bay with a light wind, the tide, which was running out, carrying us at the rate of four or five knots. It was a fine day; the first of entire sunshine we had had for more than a month. We passed directly under the high cliff on which the presidio is built, and stood into the middle of the bay, from whence we could see small bays making up into the interior, large and beautifully wooded islands, and the mouths of several small rivers. If California ever becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the centre of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water; the extreme fertility of its shores; the excellence of its climate, which is as near to being perfect as any in the world, and its facilities for navigation, affording the best anchoring-grounds in the whole western coast of America, — all fit it for a place of great importance.

"The tide leaving us, we came to anchor near the mouth of the bay, under a high and beautifully sloping hill, upon which herds of hundreds and hundreds of red deer, and the stag, with his high branching antlers, were bounding about, looking at us for a moment, and then starting off, affrighted at the noises which we made for the purpose of seeing the variety of their beautiful attitudes and motions."

It is a curious fact that both the Sitka, which sent down this vessel, and California, then foreign countries, are now a part of the United States. Will he not live to see all the other ports he touched at, and points he doubled, on both coasts, from Cape Cod, via Cape Horn, to Sitka, in the same confederacy?

PHILOSOPHICAL.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY, by Joseph Haven

D. D., Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Andover: W. F. Draper. Prof. Haven has long been a leading name of his denomination in the departments of philosophy and theology. His text-book on the former subject is one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of any now in use. His style is clear and flowing with touches of fancy and frolic that are rarely found in these dry fields of speculation. Why they should be so universally excluded, is a mystery. Plato's wit and humor and fancy are as brilliant as his arguments. Hume is not unlike Haven in this subtle humor and grace. Coleridge was not without it. But Mill, Hobbes, Locke, Hamilton, Wayland, Hickok, and the most of the writers of theology, are without the least of this vivifying genius. His illustrations often have the fire of genius of imagination. In discoursing on the "Existence of Sin," he thus illustrates his view of that difficult question: —

"Here is a block of marble, perfect in color and fineness and form, suitable every way for the purposes of the artist, save that in one place a stain has stricken through it, marring its otherwise snowy whiteness. This stain is, in truth, a serious defect. The marble were much better without it. To remove it, however, might be productive of greater injury to the marble than to suffer it to remain. On the whole, I choose this block as it is — choose it even in preference to other blocks that are without the stain, as on the whole superior to the others — choose it, notwithstanding the defect, and in spite of it, not for the sake of it, nor for any good the stain will do, not to show my skill in removing it, not because I prefer the stain in itself considered, to the absence of the same, but simply because, all things considered, this block, defective as it is, is better than any other which is presented to my choice. Sin is that stain on the best system; admitted, not for its own sake, and not as means of good, but for the sake of the system to which it pertains; suffered to remain, because the means necessary to its extirpation might be productive of a greater evil in its stead."

And he concludes his essay with this fine figure: —

"As the earth in all her course casts her broad pyramid of shadow far behind her along the heavens, so sin involves not only the transgressor himself in the gloom of eternal night, but sends its shadow afar among the Divine purposes. That shadow falls upon the celestial pavements, trembles upon the sea of glass, touches even the eternal throne."

Very forcibly he describes the power of approving or condemning conscience. He examines the philosophy of Hamilton, dissenting from his doctrine of the freedom of the will, which he himself, with the usual absurdity of Calvinistic theologians, makes to depend on motives. He more warmly dissents from Mill, whose theories, whether of philosophy or theology, lack the highest element of faith. He dissects the moral faculty, giving it an independent being and force. His essays on "Miracles," the "Trinity," "Arianism," and the "Office of the Imagination in Sacred Oratory," are fine compositions. Bating its moderate Calvinism, its something, nothing between Edwards and Arminius, it is a reliable guide. It will well repay the study of those interested in these exalted themes.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORK-SHOP, by Max Müller. Scribner & Co. Two volumes. The most interesting of all living writers on language is Max Müller. His chips are grains of gold, or sparks of diamonds that shine in their own light. Every one of them could have been written only by one of the most thorough students, and broadest of philosophers. The first volume is devoted to religions exclusively; the second to the subordinate departments of comparative mythology, caste, manners and customs, our figures. Though both are full of information, the first volume will be the chief in interest. It is not a view, nor sketches for a view, of comparative religions; nor is it what it suggests, as a probable result from its contents, a treatise on the "Science of Religion." It is rather independent essays on the Indian sacred books and faiths. It contends for the presence of Christianity in the first germs of faith, — a truth no student of the Word of God can doubt; for sacrifice and worship, the two foci of all faiths, were first given to man in the garden — the latter before, the former after, his fall. But while with Augustine, Paul, and Christ, he discerns this universal glimmer of the true light, he none the less, with Christ and His disciples, detects the infinite difference between Christianity and its shadows. No development theories plague him. Buddhism is not Protestantism, nor Brahminism Catholicism. They are the gropings of blind souls; but their catching at certain features of Christian life and faith is not life and faith itself, nor is it any stepping-stone that can of itself lead to that life and faith. He is a charming companion for a student's leisure hours, and every minister should read his scholarly essays, if he would see how seeds of Christ lie hid in the faiths of the heathen, and also how that only the grace and faith that is in Christ can bring those seeds to a germination unto life. God hath not left Himself without a witness unto them. They are our elder brothers, the first-born of Adam, who retain something of a family likeness in their most degraded estate, and whom we, reclaimed prodigals, must lead by our superior love and truth to the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent. Let every lover of the best literature put Max Müller's "Chips" at his right hand.

Rev. Charles Adams, D. D., is preparing a volume, to be entitled BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF RECENT CELEBRATED WORKERS OF BOSTON AND VICINITY. It will comprise about ten subjects or characters, and will include such names as Joseph Story, Wm. H. Prescott, Horace Mann, Rufus Choate, Theodore Parker, Moses Stuart, Francis Wayland, etc. Each sketch will be full, and aim to present an adequate and fair historical view of its subject. It will be a welcome contribution to our biographical literature.

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WASHINGTON CAPTURED.

Our national capital is in trouble. The enemy lay before its wallless walls many times during the war. Once they played the Hannibal, and threw their shot almost into the Capitol, as he did his arrows over the walls of Rome. But that enemy retired unsuccessful. Another, of the very opposite sort, has triumphed over it. Great is the turning up of noses, the tossing up of heads, the breaking forth of mouths. Every circle is taken, every rank is indignant. The victor is not the white man of the South, but his slightly duskier brother. The master is from the same region and family, only it is the other end of the house that now arises to the supremacy. In three departments the coming man makes his appearance, and in each he is most ungraciously welcomed. These departments may be said to represent the three divisions of society. The bricklayers, the printers, and the doctors are alike in trouble, and all from one cause. Into each of their sacred precincts the negro has intruded. He presumes

to lay brick, set type, and dose the sick. Horrible thought! They might have been allowed, like the slaves of another age, to make bricks, who also were afterwards masters of those they once served; or at least, for probably this privilege would have been denied them by the Celtic gentlemen who perform that labor, they might have been permitted to dig the clay for their manufacture; but to lay them, to put block upon block by the side of the gentlemen of Ireland, nay, to take them from these gentry, who are to toil up the ladder with the hod on their backs, and dump their loads submissively at these workmen's feet — impossible! all nature revolts at such a perversion. These foreign noblemen, who write to their brethren at home, that "this is a most iligant counthree, where you've nothing to do only to carry a hod full of brick up a ladder, and a fellow up top does all the work" are indignant that even that "fellow up top doing the work," should be almost as dark by nature as they are by dirt; while their associate work-fellows are even more incensed that one whose skin approximates the color of the brick they lay, should be allowed to work at their side, perhaps over their head. So they refuse to handle a trowel until he lays that, instead of laying brick down. One crippled gentleman of this school, not crippled by the war, however, — that sort don't object, — has abandoned in disgust the business of his life because of this intrusion. He will doubtless betake himself to a hand-organ and a monkey, perhaps to a printed paper soliciting gifts, because of his sacrifices to the cause of a pure prejudice, and a national meanness. As no negro has yet entered the organ and monkey business, he will be safe for a while in that employment. They have been among the most active in the subscription paper department, though as their solicitations were for churches, schools, and colleges, and never for themselves, except to buy their liberty, even the special line of begging which he would pursue is yet uninvaded by the class he abhors. But not the bricklayers alone are in trouble; the printers, the artists of the art preservative of arts, are indignant, and resignations, one, two, three, have terrified the heart of the Superintendent of Public Printing, and almost required the President to call an extra session of Congress. How many will follow, who knows. It is dreadful to think of hot weather on us, too. A gentleman of good family and education, a soldier of courage, who proved his soldiership in one of the fiercest battles of the war, the assault on Wagner, Mr. Louis Douglass, son of Frederic the Great, is engaged in the office, and these handlers of black types, whose hands not only get black, but give forth blackness, as the copy sent them to set up from testifies, refuse to work by the side of this gentleman and hero, and turn Washington upside down with their insulting uproar. To complete the triangle, and perfect the perfection, the doctors join the melfee. Two regularly educated, regularly graduated physicians, from the most orthodox schools, appear in Washington to practice their profession. There are many people of color there, well to do, and even rich, whom these white doctors have not disdained to visit, bleed, blister, and tax with a bill, which was far the biggest of their bleedings and blisterings. But when one of this same color appears at their side, to do like service for like reward, they too hold an indignation meeting, and refuse to recognize these equal M. D.'s. The rich or poor, black or white patient may die before they appear at the bedside to consult with their brother over the case, and get their ten dollars for advising, as Sir Astley Cooper did, in the matter of Mrs. Bethune, to give "that same old pill."

Why don't these aggrieved classes get up a mutual suffering society, hold a mass meeting, and expel their fellows of the browner hue from the city and the land? One thing holds in the bricklayers and printers—they are in government employ, and the government would expel the officers who should expel a man because of his complexion. Great has been the change in the nation, when it thus protects the negro against the prejudice and hate of his white associate. Let it hold fast, and society, and possibly the Church, will learn to practice the same divine Gospel.

We commiserate the condition of our white brethren of Washington. But they are captured. They may as well submit. Power is passing over to their

colored kindred. Let them make peace soon, and acknowledge that man is greater than his skin, and that one color is as comely as another, if the face and the soul within it be clean.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

The action of the British House of Lords on the 19th of June not only settled the question of disestablishing the Irish Church, and went far to affect the future of the Church of England, but was a severe blow to the peerage itself. When the bill was completed by the House of Commons, it seemed that the House of Lords was so placed as to have the choice of action limited to two things. It might, first, accept the bill, but so amend it as to make it more acceptable to Churchmen, which amendments would, it was likely, be assented to by the Commons. This would have been the part of prudence. Or, it might have resolved to reject the bill, and have adhered to its resolution, and in that way have compelled Mr. Gladstone to have resort to measures which it would not have been difficult to make wear a revolutionary face, for they must have been essentially revolutionary in their nature. This would have been the part of courage. But the Lords so acted as to adopt the worst features of both these plans, and to avoid all that was good in them. The Tory Lords who constitute a great majority of the peerage, held a meeting, at which it was determined that the bill should be rejected when the question should come up on its passage to a second reading, which is the contending time in British legislation. This was supposed to settle the matter, though some of the Tory peers had refused to go with their party; and it was confidently announced that the bill would be rejected in the Lords' House, by a majority of eighty, a majority relatively as large as that by which it had gone through the Lower House. So strong was the belief that the Lords would not be worse than their word, that speculation was common on the course that Mr. Gladstone would pursue to compass his purpose in spite of patrician hostility to it. He would "swamp" the House of Lords, by creating enough new peers to give him a majority of the order, in the face of the eighty majority of the Tories. He would dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the people; who would return such a House of Commons as should frighten the Lords into submission. He would do this, he would do that, and he would do t'other thing to secure victory to the Liberals. No one knew what he would do, but every one was sure he would do something. That the Lords would "stick" to their position was the general belief, though they were warned by many journals that they would do so at their peril.

The bill was taken up in the Lords on the 14th, the motion that it be read a second time being the question in debate. That debate lasted till the 19th. Many peers took part in it, some of whom can remember the last years of the eighteenth century, as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Earl Russell. It soon became apparent that the Tories were not united, and that their eighty majority never had existed out of the minds of those ardent politicians who always see what they most desire to see, in the condition and strength of parties. Some of the most eminent of the Tories spoke against the rejection of the bill,—such men as the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the Earl of Carnarvon, all men of note, even in the British peerage, a body of men never wanting in talents, and which has maintained itself better than any other aristocratical body of which history makes mention. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the same side,—a notable fact. Some of the Bishops, also, spoke liberally. On the other side, the Earl of Derby and Lord Cairns, men of mark in every sense, went steadily in support of the course resolved upon at the Tory meeting. They would have had the Lords reject the bill without hesitation. The Bishop of Peterborough, unlike some of his brethren, was quite as determined as were the Earl and the Baron in support of the policy of “thorough.” Earl Grey, who belongs to no party, but whose abilities and whose name give him considerable weight, spoke in favor of the bill. It was observable that almost all the speakers who were not out-and-out and in-and-in Liberals, mentioned amendments of the bill as things that would be necessary to

secure their support — when the bill should come up for final disposition. They would vote for the second reading, and then aid in the work of amending it. This showed that the Tories should have planted themselves on an amending platform from the first; and had they done so, they would have won a great victory, and have accomplished something of importance.

When the vote was taken, it was found that the Liberals had achieved a great success in that body, which was to have rejected their measure by eighty majority. The number of votes for the second reading was 179, — against it, 146; Ministerial majority, 33. The announcement of the result was received with loud cheering from the victors, which is something quite unlike what an American would have expected from nearly two hundred members of what is supposed to be the most aristocratic of assemblies, and therefore indisposed to boisterous displays. But the victors had not expected such a victory, and so their feelings of agreeable disappointment were too much for their dignity. The extent of their fears might have been measured by the loudness of their cheers. It would have been a grave state of things for them had the Tories had the courage to do as they had threatened, for then would have come a contest between the aristocratic and the democratical elements in the British Constitution, greatly to the peril of that Constitution, and which might not have been closed without ruining the aristocracy. Now, there are as many aristocrats in the Liberal party as there are in the Tory party, and therefore it is not for the interest of the former to push matters to extremities, when the Lords and the Commons differ as to the disposition that should be made of a great question. A party that has among its leaders such men as the Duke of Argyle, Earl Russell, the Earl of Clarendon, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Granville, and many others of that "old nobility" which Lord John Manners used to prefer to arts, and law, and learning, — such a party, it may be said, never can be desirous to provoke a contest between patricians and plebeians, with the masses of the British people supporting the latter. Therefore, when the Lords ordered the disestablishing bill to a second reading, the aristocratical Liberals had more than ordinary reasons for rejoicing. They had achieved their purpose, and they had done so without being forced to have resort to extraordinary measures to secure it. The medicine of the Constitution was not to be made its daily food.

To what extent the bill will be amended by the Lords, it is not possible to say; but it is clear that the business of amending it does not stand as it would have stood had the Upper House never informally resolved to reject the measure, and then "backed down" from their high position. Had they accepted the bill, and concentrated their labors on amendments, it is probable that the Commons would have done their utmost to gratify the Lords; but the latter behaved so foolishly, — "letting I dare not wait upon I would," — that the Lower House may consider itself bound to insist upon "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," as was said in old Reform times. Then the course of the Lords has been of a character to invite adherence to the entire bill by the Commons; for it shows that the Lords have only to be resisted to be subdued. They may talk loudly, and insist upon being allowed to act as an independent branch of the government, — but they ever give way when the Commons tell them, in plain language, to "clear the track." This was well known before, and has been known for centuries; but this last display of a desire to resist, and of fear to make resistance, has freshened a feeling that might not have been moved had the Lords been wise, and caused their words and their actions to harmonize. It was the worst possible policy in the nobles to irritate the people, and then to run away. The democratic element has been moved to "ask for more," confident that it will not ask in vain. One of the reasons advanced against the disestablishing bill is, that its passage will lead to immediate agitation of the land question in a manner that must compel parliamentary action on that vital matter. It is even so, and the folly of the Lords in threatening resistance to the disestablishing work, and then abandoning the field, — for the bill could not have been carried had not scores of Tories left their posts, — will bring all

men to the conclusion that an agrarian movement must prove as successful as the anti-ecclesiastical movement, if the tactics in the one case should be applied to the other. If noblemen, who stand upon their honor, and who feel a stain as a wound, as Burke has it, would not stand up boldly in defense of what they believe to be religion, could they be depended upon to fight for property? Will they who failed when, as they held, and yet hold, they were champions of God's cause, be more valiant in support of the cause of Mammon? Why, their success in defending the land, should they succeed in defending it, would be even more injurious to them, finally, than their want of success when contending for the Church. An army, and consequently an order of men, may fail when contending in the best of causes, and fail honorably; but if such army, or order, win a great victory when next it fights, because it is fighting for its pelf, must it not be clear that property is everything in its estimation, and principle nothing? And of what worth is an aristocracy that is always invincible when contending for money, and ever vincible when it contends for honor?

A WORD TO OUR COLLEGE GRADUATES INTENDING TO ENTER THE MINISTRY.

From the twenty colleges under the direct charge of the Church, not less than four hundred students are now taking their diplomas. Not less than one tenth of these design to enter our ministry, probably nearer a fifth. At least one hundred members of our Church are graduating at other colleges, of whom a like proportion will enter our ministry. Not less than fifty, nor over a hundred, therefore, are leaving the college this year for the ministry of our Church. Striking the balance between these two extremes, we may safely say, that seventy-five young men, from this source, will enter our ministry. This is a noble and cheering accession, and shows the vitality of the Church that stimulates such efforts, to prepare for its noblest work.

There are, in connection with the Church, three theological schools of the highest grade. Each is centrally and favorably located; each is ably manned; each is handsomely endowed; each ranks with the best single school of any other denomination, and is superior to all other schools of those churches except the chief representative. That is, there is only one Baptist school as well officered, and endowed, and fitted for the work of instruction as any one of the three Methodist schools. There is only one Congregational, Episcopal, New School, or Old School Presbyterian, that is equal in rank to either of our three; and not one of any of them that is superior. Andover does not to-day offer better advantages than Boston, nor New York or Princeton than Drew, while all others of their order are far inferior. In fact, it may be more than doubted if one can get as good a theological culture, using that term in its broadest sense, at Andover as at Boston.

Our graduates ought not to enter their ministerial career, if they can possibly help it, without this training. They will find the lectures and recitations with such men as McClintock and Nadal, Warren and Foster, Kldder and Raymond, Townsend and Lindsey, Stevens and Bannister, of great value. They should avail themselves of these privileges. One of our college graduates, a score of years ago, had no opportunity inside of his own Church for such an education. To-day they are of the amplest.

Besides the benefits of their regular studies, they have the privilege of hearing the best minds of our own and other churches on the best themes of the day. Look at the list of speakers for the Boston Seminary the coming year: Bishop Clark, Presidents Haven, Cummings, and McCosh, and other like celebrities. The other seminaries are equally liberal. Will not these young men avail themselves of these privileges? Listen not to that otherwise judicious Presiding Elder, who points you to good appointments, or to hard ones, and stimulates you with the call of flattery or duty. You can find work around our seminaries as good as any they offer you, and at the same time pursue studies that will make you even more desirable, after only one complete revolution of the itinerant wheel.

Some may object to going to our schools because most of the students there are not graduates. We saw this suggestion, to our surprise, in one of our college

journals. It ought to be a reason for your going thither. These are your brethren in the ministry. They will be your life associates in the work. They are doing the best they can, under their impediments, to make suitable preparation. They have not had your opportunities, but if they employ faithfully what they have, may yet outstrip you before that great University to which you both ultimately appeal. It is well to become acquainted with them, to give them the benefit of your superior culture, and to receive the benefit of their possibly superior grace. They will be no hindrance to you in your studies, but will ever in those paths be found companions, perhaps guides. We have known students of Concord that surpassed the graduates of the best colleges in their scholarship; and Boston, Madison, and Evanston will send forth men without a college diploma that will win the highest college, as well as ecclesiastical honors, before the brethren of the University. It is well, too, to meet these brethren on the common ground of ministerial unity; to pray, and sing, and debate together, to be knit together in love, and thus move out together into the great field which awaits your coming.

We therefore urge these seventy-five young ministers this year taking their baccalaureate, to spend one year or more at our theological seminaries. That will be twenty-five to each school. Board is cheap, tuition free, and expenses are nearly met by donations, easily met by opportunities to labor. We hope every one looking to the ministry will go to college, and every one graduating at a college will go to one of our own theological schools. If all cannot compass both these results, as probably all cannot, at least let the graduate crown his preliminary training with this culture. If he do, he will never regret it; if he do not, he will be sensible of his error and loss in all his future career.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

"The bounteous housewife, Nature,
On every bush spreads her fulness before thee."

To few seasons, more than the current one, can the above words of the great poet be better applied. Your thoughtful and observant readers will call to mind the year 1862, as being very remarkable for its abundance in all the productions of Nature, but this year goes before it. Of fruits, strawberries have been unusually plentiful; our city has almost revelled in them, while the promise of raspberries and blackberries, especially the latter, is remarkable. Cherries also, are in large quantities, a better supply than we have had for four or five years.

While this is the case with the smaller fruits, there is every prospect of a large yield of hay, and of all cereals. The farmers say things never looked finer, and they are rejoicing in the anticipations of large crops. The truth is, the Almighty has given us "rain in due season," the earth has "yielded her increase, and the trees of the field their fruit." "Blessed be the Lord for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof," and let all the people say Amen.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." And still there are some rich men, who, if their faith equals their works, are sure to reach the abodes of the glory-land. I have been much impressed with some recent instances. We have a Methodist gentleman in this city whose income last year was \$148,000, and he gave it all away, building churches, assisting the poor, and indeed, scarcely can any worthy object be mentioned, to which he did not contribute.

At the village of Yonkers, near New York, lately has been built a Baptist Church at the expense of \$200,000, all contributed by two only of its members, Messrs. James B. Colgate and John B. Trevor, of the firm of Trevor and Colgate, eminent New York Bankers.

At New Haven, Joseph E. Sheffield, Esq., out of his own means, has built and given to the corporation of Trinity Church, three noble institutions — a beautiful chapel, a home for aged, infirm, and indigent females, and a spacious and comfortable school building. The cost of these structures has not been published, but it must have been very large. All praise to these liberal men. If all our rich citizens did likewise, the amount of good accomplished would be almost incalculable. Say, for instance, did that New Yorker whose income last year was over three millions, give away for good uses, one third of it, what a blessing would it be!

Yours truly,

D. R. C.

The Christian Recorder has put on a new dress. Why does its vignette represent the continent of Africa with ships going to it? Is it in favor of colonization, or does it mean to suggest the history of the early ships that visited those shores? We hope soon to see it and The Methodist Home Journal merged together as the churches they represent shall become one. It is an able advocate of the brotherhood of man and the oneness of believers.

COLOR VARIABLE NOT ORIGINAL.—It may be a dreadful thought to some very white-souled whites, that their great grandchildren, however carefully they guard against base marriages, may be black. What would *The Baltimore Methodist* say to such a possibility? It is terribly afraid of any legal admixture now; the illegal it never frowns upon. But even with Maryland laws and a Southern Gospel to protect us, this evil may not be prevented. The Duke of Argyle says that "color, while one of the most unstable peculiarities of animals, is one of the most stable among men," and thereby begs for long ages to work out that problem in the unity of the race. To which *The Independent* replies:—

"We doubt it. The very anomaly ought to have set him to studying his facts. When we say that an animal's color is unstable, we mean the color of its hair or feathers. And every one knows that nothing is more unstable than the color of human hair. It varies in the same race through all the shades of white and red and black. Or, if we turn to animals which go naked, like the elephant or the African negro, color is no more permanent in one than in the other. Or, if we find that 50 years—that is, 50 generations of domestication—change the color of the turkey or of the pig, we have proof enough that as many generations—that is, 1,500 years—will change the color of man, even when he lives quite protected by houses and clothes from the sun; the most of his body growing absolutely in the dark, like the central leaves of a cabbage-head. Not only do we find German Jews with light hair and blue eyes; but nothing is more certain than that the swarthy Hindoo, the olive-skinned Italian, and the flaxen-haired Scandinavian are descended from the same loins. Two hundred years have sufficed to give English colonists in Georgia more pigment than those in Maine; and who knows that it would take a thousand years to turn a Caucasian black, if we were to make him and his descendants expose themselves naked to an African sun? Even freckles are inherited, and we see many a white-skin's face as dark with them as a Mongolian's. How would it be if the whole body felt the coloring power of light, as has been the case with all black tribes, whether negro or Papuan?"

FINE ARTS.—A. A. Childs & Co. have the artistic sensation of the day in their gallery, 127 Tremont Street. They are the "Nine Muses" by Fagnani. These paintings are actual portraits of nine as beautiful American ladies as the artist could find in New York and Boston. Each of them represents a distinct type of beauty, corresponding to the Muse whom she symbolizes. Fagnani maintained and painted their portraits to prove that America contains every phase of female beauty that the ancient world ever had, as far as statuary and poetry have preserved their lineaments. Certainly, by his own showing, we have a great variety of very pretty types, whether they are classical or not; for our part, we think that the modern type of female beauty is as much superior to the Grecian type as our ideal of woman is higher than that of antiquity. Certainly the Venuses of the sculptors are the perfection of animal beauty, but where is the human beauty, the superadded beauty of intellect in those charming, but low-browed creatures? Fagnani has lost his case. He has shown that America produces not the same types, but as many different types and higher ones than Greece.

Bierstadt's "Vesuvius in Eruption" at De Vries', is a grand picture of moonlight, snow, and fire. The flames are shooting up, the river of fire flowing down the distant side, while nearer the snows are illumined by the glare. The picture is one of his best. Brown's "Sunrise in New York Bay," hangs in the same gallery,—a perfect contrast in its peaceful beauty to Bierstadt's blazing night.

WHAT HE DID WITH IT.—"Russell," the correspondent of the *Traveller*, has been to Gettysburg, and gives us a column or two of what he saw there. He had the singular good fortune to pick up a precious relic. It was two bullets which had collided in mid-air, and the harder had penetrated the softer so that they adhere solidly. What did he do with his prize? He sold it on the spot. For how much? He does not say.

The National Bank of the Republic opened its banking rooms, No. 3 Merchants' Row, for public inspection on the 1st inst. The building is four stories in height, thirty feet wide in front, and forty feet in the rear, and fifty-four feet deep. The rooms on the second story occupied by the bank are roomy, convenient, and fitted up with great taste and elegance. On invitation of the president, David Snow, esq., a large number of banking officers and other gentlemen were present, and after inspecting the rooms were invited to partake of a choice collation in the rooms above. A good time was spent and many congratulations given to Mr. Snow and the officers of the institution on the appearance of their new building.

HONORARY COLLEGE DEGREES.—Harvard has conferred LL. D. on John G. Palfrey of Cambridge, and on Governor Claflin.

PICNICS.—Attention is called to the advertisement of the new picnic grounds at Echo Grove, West Lynn. It would be well for the managers of these entertainments to examine the merits of Echo Grove before making their arrangements.

COLOSSEUM.—A correspondent illuminates the disputed word as follows:—

"The amphitheatre of Vespasian, called Coliseum."

be called amphitheatre colosseum from its size; but the proper noun Colosseum is said to have arisen from its containing a colossal statue of Nero. In Italian, which is little more than a corrupt Latin, the ruins of this amphitheatre (consecrated as a church) are called *Coliseo*. To restore to this Italian word the original Latin termination making *Coliseum* is a little like a practice introduced some fifty years ago of spelling the name of a place then often mentioned in Dutch, but pronouncing it in French; writing it *Ghent* and pronouncing it (or trying to pronounce it) *Gand*. The Ghent Triumph, a strawberry, is now often called "*Triumph des Grand*."

The Coliseum is degraded into a dance-hall. It is a sad fall. The short-lived glories die away. Its failure in its present uses will be as noticeable as was its success in the sacred service of choral song.

It is reported that the receipts of the Jubilee week were over \$400,000; expenses \$300,000. Mr. Gilmore's testimonial is said to have netted \$25,000,—a good donation. The Committee ought to give Messrs. Tourjee and Zerrahn a testimonial, for they did the most important work.

NOTES.

The Advance thinks that because Dr. Bushnell is a man he does not know how a true woman feels under the oppressions of her sex. How does *The Advance* know that he does not know? Is it a woman?

The Advance asks how it can acknowledge the authorship of *THE HERALD's* items which it appropriates, when we "do not tell from whom we borrow them." It seems to judge others by itself, a natural but not very Christian mode of procedure. We certainly do not borrow many bright items from its columns and none from its own or others without acknowledgment. May it go and do likewise.

The Western wishes us to state that it has never advocated separate Conferences for our colored brethren, except when they wished it. Though it has never quoted one of our arguments, hardly one of our statements, and we have published columns of its own declarations, still we grant this request also, only adding that it has never favored by a single word, so far as we have noticed, the continuance or permanence of mixed Conferences, and has never rebuked that wicked spirit of a white man's caste that has actually driven these brethren from the Conferences of their neighbors and kinsfolk in the same territory. When it utters such a rebuke, and when it expresses a desire to have all our brethren in the same territory in one Conference, we shall be happy to chronicle and commend its conversion.

Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, who was one of the first to send Mr. Gilmore a congratulatory note after the announcement of his project and to declare its success, and was the only private person, except Lowell Mason, honored with a special invitation to all the concerts, thus describes the sensations and sanctities of the hour. We trust *The Methodist*, that is a little affected with the New York disease, for a journal that boasts so much in its nationality, and that classed these sublime patriotic and religious services with operas and clap-trap, will read and inwardly digest and reproduce these devout confessions.

"The enthusiasm was unbounded; men and women wept. From the little innocent creature who exclaimed, 'My papa is crying,' to the gray-haired gentleman who, ashamed of his emotion, had fiercely resisted it, declaring 'he must rush home and have it out'—all, all were profoundly moved, even to the heart's core. It was, in truth, an era in one's life never to be forgotten, the listening to melodious interpretations of the great masters, which seemed to emanate from the spheres, so glorious were they in their rendering and scientific execution. How beautiful was the unanimity, the one accord, the blessed harmony which permeated such a mass of humanity from all quarters of the land. How comforting, in a religious aspect, was this amazing concourse listening to the praises of Jehovah, breathlessly, devoutly. Ah! let us hope they were all made better and purified exceedingly as those celestial strains ascended to heaven, and may peace and good will remain with them on earth, and the priceless faith that the Lord Jesus Christ reigns.

ONE OF THE BARCLAYS.

Wilbraham had a first-class Commencement. Its students acquitted themselves finely; the discourses of Drs. Cooke, True, and Peck, were able and eloquent, and the graduating class exhibited fine proficiency, and all things are as prosperous at the oldest of our schools as they are beautiful.

The Evening Mail tells this good story of a speculator and his speculation:—

"The improvements on Portland Street were to cut through a corner lot, perhaps half its depth, and the man who owned the next lot thought it would be a fair chance to widen his own by buying the remainder. He asked the owner what he would sell the margin for, whatever it might be, when the street was carried through. One hundred dollars was asked and paid, and the purchaser was delighted with the thoughts of his bargain. When the improvements were finished, the lot was exactly three inches wide and thirty long!"

Mr. Nelson S. Cobleigh, son of Dr. Cobleigh, and formerly connected with the editorial department of *THE HERALD*, was married last week Tuesday, at Grace Church by the Rev. Mr. Chapman to Miss Mattie Rice, daughter of Charles B. Rice, esq., Superintendent of the Faneuil Hall Market. Mr. Cobleigh is one of the editors of the *Cleveland Leader*. Our best wishes go with the happy pair.

Among the shower of doctorates falling like November meteors, though not, like them, from the heavens, one has struck our genial correspondent, G. W. Woodruff. Few backs are better able to bear the burden, and few natures need it less. He was great enough and good enough before. May he be sustained in this calamity. Rev. William H. Clark of this

city, is another one of the afflicted. We commiserate his fate. Lawrence University did it.

Will every one of our pastors in New England send us the vote on Lay Delegation this week, if they have not already done so? Will the Presiding Elders please send also the vote of their districts? We can get their total in a week or two, if each one will only do this very simple duty.

Providence Conference Seminary holds its anniversary this week; Rev. Messrs. Trafton, Newhall, and Peck, are the orators. It will be a big time.

Measures are being adopted for raising the \$200,000 for the Boston Seminary. Rev. Dr. Patton is engaging in the work. He has done more than any other minister in our Church on this work. We hope he will crown his excellent labors with this success.

We have received a report of the twenty-second Anniversary of the N. H. Conference Seminary, which took place on the 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d ult. It will appear in our next.

The Harvard Phi Beta Kappa granted Cornell a chapter in defiance of all the laws of the order which requires all chapters in a State to proceed from its Alpha, if there be one. Union has such. She should dispense it. Other chapters should protest against this act, and declare it null and void.

The dozen English artisans who were fêted by Lord Houghton on their departure for Cornell University, turn out not to be students, but workmen that Goldwin Smith has invited to come over and work on its buildings. He thinks they can now come, "the late unpleasantness" caused by Mr. Sumner's speech having come to an end, through his generous intervention.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Jesse H. Jones, who made the stirring address to the Free Religionists at their late anniversary, to come to Christ and be saved, is called from Antwerp, N. Y., to Natick. Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town" will have no drowsy, dainty Dr. Lathrop in her new minister. He will be a Parson Avery and more.

Henry Wilson is engaged on a history of the Anti-Slavery Movement. It will make two large volumes and supply a felt demand for a summary of the great debate in all its fields and in all our national history.

Rev. Mr. Townsend in his sermon on the Peace Jubilee, made this just reference to its most important officer:—

"Few are aware of the real merits of Eben Tourjee as a musical artist, true gentleman, and eminent Christian. Mr. Gilmore and Carl Zerrahn doubtless deserve all the praise and honors which have been showered upon them. But those who have studied the Peace Jubilee in its various bearings the most attentively, speak advisedly, when they say, that the classical taste and Christian spirit which were thrown as a beautiful and adorning mantle over the various performances, were due to no one else so much as to Tourjee. His religious faith, more than that of any one else connected with the National Jubilee, struck that deep pulse by which it seemed under the control of the Divine Spirit. The man who found time to answer without impatience the multitudes which surrounded him, who suppressed no efforts through jealousy, when others received the praise equally due himself, and who, amid the thronging and increasing perplexities of his position, forgot not his Master's work, but passed the two consecutive Sabbath evenings preceding the Jubilee, one in attending our City Missionary work and the other in kneeling at the bedside of a distressed and dying colored man, should not be the last to receive the acknowledgments of a grateful public. The Church, certainly, will not fail to recognize merits like these. Let it not forget to honor the modest, devoted, Christian gentleman, Eben Tourjee."

Rev. J. M. Caldwell, A. M., Principal of Rock River Seminary, Mt. Morris, Ill., placed his resignation in the hand of the President of the Board of Trustees, three months since. This is an occasion of great regret to the friends of the institution. Prof. Caldwell's accurate and extensive scholarship, and superior executive and administrative abilities, has enabled him to rapidly elevate the grade of scholarship and discipline of the school. Though he now contemplates reëntering the regular work of the ministry, in which he was very successful, it is to be hoped that his superior talents will not be lost to the cause of Christian education. The entire faculty have also offered their resignation. The impression generally prevails, that a change in the location and surroundings of the institution will be necessary in order to secure permanent prosperity.

Stewart is doing a great thing for New York. He is erecting a superb building on Fourth Avenue for homes for working women. It will cost six millions of dollars. It is expected that the board of the young women will not cost over two dollars a week. He also intends to build a like structure for young men. The charity is magnificent.

Rev. L. J. Hall has been given a vacation of four weeks, and will go West with his invalid wife in quest of health and rest from labors. The church is to be closed during his absence, in order to make some improvements. It has shared largely in the revival interest on the island. 36 persons have been baptized during the last three months, and about 70 have joined upon probation. The attendance upon the public and social meetings has been steadily on the increase.

The Methodist Church.

MAINE.

EAST READFIELD.—Rev. L. T. Carlton writes:—

"Methodism reared her first temple in Maine on this charge, in 1794; it was dedicated, June 21st, 1795, by Bishop Asbury; the church edifice has been modernized, and is now neat and commodious.

"On the 27th ult., baptism was administered.

"After a glorious prayer-meeting, six were admitted into full connection. Thirteen have joined on trial since I came here. We are determined that with the help of God, Methodism shall not die out on the oldest charge in the State. There is a sign of abundance of rain.

SOUTH GARDNER.—The Church here, having been presented with a splendid Bible, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That we, the M. E. Church and congregation in Gardner, do gratefully accept, and heartily acknowledge the valuable gift of a copy of the Holy Scriptures for the pulpit, presented by Mr. S. S. Stevens of Baltimore, Maryland.

Resolved, That a suitable inscription, bearing the name of the donor, his place of residence, date of presentation and the name of the Society, be placed upon the cover of the book, as an appropriate memorial.

Resolved, That our pastor is hereby requested on our behalf to address a letter of thanks to Mr. Stevens for his kind remembrance of us in our early struggles, and for such a generous gift.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. S. S. Stevens of Baltimore; also to "ZION'S HERALD," requesting their publication.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HUDSON.—Rev. Otis Cole writes:—

"The Church here having been closed for repairs, was reopened on Sunday, June 20, at 2 o'clock p. m. The interior has been entirely renewed, and so changed as to look indeed like a new house. Rev. E. R. Wilkins of Nashua made and presented to the Society a fine black walnut pulpit, and, as was most appropriate, preached from it at the reopening. His sermon was good, and was well received.

"A new Bible, hymn-book, and pulpit chair, are the gifts of L. W. Prouty of Spencer, Mass. To this very generous treatment, the people here have been permitted to add gifts from friends in Nashua, amounting to \$30.

"Methodism in Hudson has friends still. To God be all the glory; to the friends, love and gratitude. Let the prayers of God's people ascend, that a precious revival may follow this work which has given us one of the most pleasant houses of worship in the vicinity."

EFFING.—Rev. A. R. Lunt writes to inform us of a gracious work of grace in progress in his charge. At recent Thursday evening prayer-meetings, as many as nineteen rose for prayers, several of whom were led to rejoice in their salvation before the meeting closed. "This," says the brother, "is like water to a thirsty soul." By way of postscript, Bro. Lunt adds:—

"The brethren here are entitled to a word of commendation, for, with a membership of only 50, they have furnished us with new parsonage furniture, and everything needful for our personal comfort and happiness. Our reception has been all one could expect or desire, and God is now blessing them with His gracious presence and favor. This is one of the pleasantest fields of labor we have ever had."

MASSACHUSETTS.

WINTHROP STREET CHURCH, ROXBURY.—An informal opening of the vestry of the new brick church on Winthrop Street, took place on the evening of the 1st, in the shape of a social gathering and a festival furnished by the ladies of the society. A very large company was present, including representatives from all the churches in the neighborhood; and after an anthem was sung, and prayer by the pastor, Rev. A. McKeown, J. H. Chadwick, esq., in a brief address, welcomed the guests, and congratulated the Church on once more being able to assemble in their own building. The remainder of the evening was spent in discussing the strawberries and other delicacies, of which there was an abundant supply. The main room of the vestry is very handsome and convenient, being 62 by 60 feet, high studded and well-lighted. The tables were richly adorned with flowers, and the walls with pictures. We shall give a fuller description of this fine church in another paper. Divine services were commenced on Sunday the 4th.

The M. E. Church in Reading, Mass., was dedicated on Wednesday of last week. Excellent sermons were preached by Rev. Drs. Warren and Hare. This is a new enterprise, which has been organized but two or three years. Rev. Stephen Cushing was its chief father. The lot is large and very central. It is occupied by several buildings that will pay the interest on the debt, and help in its liquidation. The chapel is neat, its pews chestnut and black walnut, and its general aspect very prepossessing. It cost about \$5,000. The town is one of the oldest and finest near Boston. It is growing rapidly, and promises the Church to be one of our best appointments. Bro. Weston, the new pastor, is working efficiently.

PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

Providence still lives, and the Annus Ecclesiasticus opens favorably. Our preachers' meeting organized at the opening of the year, by the election of Rev. Mr. Trafton as President, and Rev. C. S. Macreading, Secretary.

We have some new faces in our meeting, and miss some old ones. Rev. Bro. Bidwell's tall and rather thin form is missed, and the room is no longer lighted up with his warm smile. Rev. Bro. Barnes, who takes his place, has hardly been seen among us as yet, being called often to Boston, by the severe sickness of his wife's mother, the estimable wife of Father Taylor.

Rev. D. H. Ela's compact form and ready tongue are missed. But in his place appears Bro. Sawyer, recently from the Maine Conference, a man physically small, but clear-headed and promising, and making a good impression upon his charge in Broadway. I am sorry to say his people have gone into the one sermon a day custom—a custom, to my mind, more honored in the breach than the observance, and short-lived, I think. It is now the practice in all the Methodist pulpits in the city, but a feeling is rising against it. Next Monday the Chestnut Street Church takes a vote upon it in connection with Lay Delegation, and I think will bring back the old custom. All the Evangelical churches in the city, but ours, have two public services a day, and our people stray off to other pastures where the "gates are ajar," and we suffer loss. Our Sunday-schools have not increased under the new regime, as was hoped. The preachers, speaking to their own people but once a day, are barred the privilege of exchange, and altogether it is an evil. We shall all return to the old practice in time if not sooner.

There is harmony in all the churches, and the year opens with promise.

CONNECTICUT.

DANIELSONVILLE.—There have been fifteen conversions here recently, twelve from the Sabbath-school.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

BAKER THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—The Annual Commencement of the Baker Theological Institute took place on Monday, the 14th instant. The students, in both the literary and theological departments, acquitted themselves with much credit. President Lewis and Professor Pike have been indefatigable in their labors, and their efforts have been crowned with the most gratifying results. There have been about 25 students in attendance this session, with an increasing tendency in both interest and numbers.

There are some prospects of a change of location next year. It is proposed to purchase the building and grounds of the Orangeburg Female College, which, apart from its more central position, is one of the handsomest and most eligible situations in the State. It occupies a commanding eminence in the flourishing town of Orangeburg, and is within a stone's throw of the South Carolina Railroad.

The Baker Theological Institute is doing great good as the handmaid of letters and the nursery of the Church. It has already contributed some dozen or more members to the South Carolina Conference. Some of the difficulties with which it had to contend in the days of its doubtful experiment have already been dissolved, or much modified, and some of those who greeted the enterprise with sneers, now stop to commend and admire. These, however, are only isolated cases, and form only exceptions to the general rule; the great majority of the white citizens would rather see the freedmen in the field than at the Seminary. But prejudice is slowly giving way; new light is breaking on the popular mind; common sense and common humanity are asserting their empire, and the world moves for all that. Slowly, suddenly and unwillingly, the situation is being accepted, and it now is acknowledged that the black man has not only brains susceptible of cultivation, but also rights that white men are bound to respect.

NEW ORLEANS.

Rev. L. C. Madlock writes: "The voting on Lay Delegation in our churches in this city was a 'big time,' as some called it. I attended nearly every election, by the request of the pastors. The cloud of dusky faces, in the dim rays of oil lamps, did yet shine with much silvery light, and their exultant voices rang out glad shouts of approval, as I talked to them of the 'old times and the new.' Then came the voting.

"All the painstaking to explain, that anybody 'against' Lay Delegation should vote, as well as those for it, only made them laugh. Said one, 'Do you suppose I is going to vote against my own proclamation? No, sir.' And he looked cross at me almost, as he passed me, dropping in his vote. 'I thank my Jesus,' said a woman, standing at the ballot box, 'dat I have this right to vote, an I will vote.' 'I hopes they'll send old Uncle Tom to Conference; he wants to go mighty.' 'But we ain't a sendin' anybody now.' 'Yes, I knows dat too.'

"And on they passed in column. First the right tier of wall benches emptied, marched to the right, voted, again turned to the right and rear, and back to their places. So, also, the left wall benches, and the right and left centres, following (cavalry tactics!).

"And as they moved they sang, keeping step to the music, very nearly resembling an elegant promenade step, not to say dance (!) this chorus:—

"Go down, Moses, and tell King Pharaoh,
Tell King Pharaoh, to let my people go!"

"The whole number of votes," said the preacher of 'old Warrans Chapel' (now First Street), 'is 103 for, and 1 against. Well, that's what I calls a good majority, and a fair vote!'

And he laughed contagiously, and the crowd echoed the laugh. 'I think we can stand that vote.'

"You better believe that to me the air was wholesome and the scene refreshing. I had some satisfaction myself. Strange, though,—there were stray tears in my eyes, sometimes, especially when they would wail out that touching chorus of theirs:—

"Nobody knows de trouble I seed, trouble I seed, trouble I seed;
Nobody knows de trouble I seed—nobody knows it but Jesus."

"And then alternate it with shouting an octave or two higher:—

"I did not think He was so nigh, O yes, O yes;
But there He was, and He heard my cry—O yes, O yes."

Then dropping down to the old wail again:—

"But nobody knows de trouble I seed."

"Your musical Jubilee would have had an additional attraction, could you have exhibited our 203 voters for Lay Delegation, of Morris Street Church, with their unique chorus:—

"When Jesus shook the manna-tree,
He shook it for you, and he shook it for me."

"Our voting sums up in the city of New Orleans thus far, 1,342 for, 24 against Lay Delegation. Three other churches may add 500 to the large figures."

COMMENCEMENT AT KENT'S HILL.

Long in coming, but for all that not to be omitted, is the report of the Anniversary Exercises of the Maine Wesleyan Female College and Conference Seminary at Kent's Hill. June 8, 9, and 10, were devoted to the purposes of the Anniversary. Charming weather favored the perfect carrying out of the programme, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." How it would be possible to have anything but a school of the highest order in such a place as Kent's Hill, is difficult to conceive. Such surroundings—rich, dark forests looming up in grandeur, broad green acres on gently sloping hillsides, or in the wide extending lowlands which surround the Hill, a chain of lakes sweeping round the Hill in a circle of twenty miles or more, through the towns of Fayette, Readfield, and Winthrop; beyond these lakes the gently rising hills, beyond the hills the mountains, among the mountains, Mounts Blue and Abraham and other lofty crests, towering heavenward, upon whose brows yet rest the snows of winter, and still beyond, the dim outline of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. These are the scenes upon which the eye of the student may gaze at every hour and drink in, as he gazes, strength and inspiration for the work of the present hour, and the toils and conflicts of the future.

But the best feature of this well-known institution of learning, is its able and efficient President, Rev. Dr. Torsey, combining in himself the tact, perseverance, and energy necessary to make him a most successful instructor and disciplinarian. With a wife like himself, and with congenial associates on the corps of instructors, there is about the home of the Dr., and all about the institution, an apparent and beautiful spirit of fraternity, genial hospitality and culture. Long may this school flourish and grow, until the thousands who have shared its advantages shall be counted by the tens of thousands.

The Anniversary Exercises commenced with Prize Declarations and Readings on Tuesday evening, in which the young ladies and gentlemen who participated, did themselves abundant credit. Wednesday, at two o'clock p. m., an Oration by Rev. W. F. Mallalieu, Chelsea, Mass., and Poem by David Barker, esq., of Bangor. Wednesday evening the students and alumni of the Institute assembled in the capacious Hall for an old-fashioned reunion and "interview." Speeches were made, songs sung, and a general good time enjoyed. The happiest feature of all was the presentation of a beautiful silver (genuine sterling) service, worth nearly a thousand dollars, to Dr. Torsey, from the former students of the school. For twenty-five years he has been connected with the Institute, and to him its success is largely due, and his old pupils thought his services demanded some tangible recognition. It was a silver wedding to a good purpose, and well might the Dr. wish for "many happy returns of the joyful occasion."

The Commencement proper occurred on Thursday, at 9 o'clock a. m. An excellent brass band from Portland furnished the music, and everything passed off greatly to the satisfaction of the multitudes who thronged the church to listen to the eloquent and beautiful words spoken by the graduating class. At the close, the usual diplomas were conferred, and the following day saw a scattering of students and visitors to their respective homes.

One feature of these exercises, worthy of all commendation and imitation, was the daily morning prayer-meeting, held for a single hour directly after breakfast, under the management of the enterprising preacher in charge, Rev. Parker Jaques. No pleasanter or more profitable moments were spent by the visitors, alumni, or students, than those when thus assembled for prayer and praise. The religious and social element, the purest and most heavenly of all, was stimulated, and holy anticipations of eternal reunions in the better land caused many hearts to rejoice. M.

The Minnesota State Sunday-school Association held its Annual Convention at Winona, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, ult., and was a season of unusual interest. Rev. Edward Eggleston and Mr. Jacobs of Chicago, were present. Twenty-six hundred dollars were pledged for the support of a State Superintendent for the coming year. The cause is making rapid progress in this State.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — Num. xiv. 21.

SOUTH SEA MISSION.—The last Annual Report of the London Missionary Society, speaks of the wonderful triumphs of the Gospel in the South Seas. Read the following extract and rejoice:—

"The South Sea Mission lies deep in the affection of the Society's friends. Seventy years have passed since the first missionaries were landed by the *Duff* on the Island of Tahiti. After long trial of patience, amid a most depraved and corrupt people, heathenism gave way, the Gospel triumphed, and the Society Islands became Christian. In 1823, Harotonga was discovered, and the Hervey Islands, now containing one of the brightest groups of our Christian churches, were evangelized. In 1830, Samoa received that Gospel which has sanctified the gentle habits of its people, and produced in them a zeal in the extension of the Church which none of their neighbors have excelled."

MISSIONARY APPORTIONMENTS.—The Committee have apportioned the eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the several Annual Conferences. The following sums are apportioned to the New England Conferences.—New England Conference, \$25,446.67; Providence, \$13,050.93; Vermont, \$8,804.29; New Hampshire, \$8,294.82; Maine, \$7,231.76; East Maine, \$3,624.78. These sums can easily be raised and more—a third more at least. Let the pastors begin now to agitate the subject among the people; circulate the *Missionary Advocate* freely among them; preach on that subject; interest the Sunday-schools in it; and the collections will come in greatly increased.

REAPING IN JOY.—Mr. Lepoids, a devoted Missionary, writes a most encouraging letter in the *Missionary Magazine* from Paris, showing the progress of the Gospel in France. We extract the following:—

"A woman of Chauny near Fontainebleau, to whom I have lately explained the way of salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ,—cried out suddenly, with her eyes filled with tears, 'How glorious is this Divine way of salvation. I never understood this Divine method before!' and she began to praise God with a loud voice in the presence of her daughter and before me. I had sowed in tears. The Lord made me reap with joy. Blessed be His name! Pray much for us."

"The police came again, at the instance of the Attorney-General, to inquire my name and the names of my father and mother. They spoke of another prosecution. I cannot tell what new mischief my enemies are plotting against me; but God's Spirit seems to say, 'Fear not nor be afraid, for I will be with thee.'"

WESTERN AFRICA.—The Church Missionary Gleaner contains the following interesting news from Abeokuta, Western Africa.

"Some time ago we had painful tidings to communicate from Abeokuta—the closing of the churches by order of the Bashorun and chiefs; the suspension of public Christian worship; the riotous proceedings of the roughs of the city; the sacking of the churches and residences of the missionaries, and the retirement of the European missionaries to Lagos, and also several of the native teachers. . . . Now the clouds are breaking, and the sun is beginning to shine forth. The storm, we trust, is over, and the work of reparation has commenced. . . ."

"The Bashorun, with others of the chiefs, have signified their determination to restore Christian worship to the position it had lost, and wished this to be publicly known. They therefore resolved to hand over the stations to the Christians, in order that they might be put to use at once, and accordingly the Ake elders urged on the Christians the duty of reoccupying the premises without delay. . . ."

"Thus," writes Mr. Moore, "the stations at Ake and Ikija have been restored to us. The bells, which had been silent forty Sundays, have rung out freely, and been heard once more through the town. The heathen thought that Christianity was done for in Abeokuta. Thanks be to God, we recommenced it publicly this day when, to a congregation of 423 persons, I had the privilege of preaching."

WEST INDIES.—Great Revival.—Rev. James Hassell, writing from Parham, Antigua, gives an account of a great revival there. He says, "Since my last, we have held a week's special services at Freetown, and another at Sion Hill. At the former about twenty-six have been added to the society, and at the latter two hundred have been converted. At Freemanville twenty-one have been made happy in the pardoning love of God. Nearly seven hundred have been converted in the circuit recently, and about two hundred and thirty received on probation." He adds:—

"A great and wonderful change has passed upon a large section of the population in each of our stations,—a change fraught with blessings to individuals, happiness to families, advantage to the State, and honor to the Church."

"There are ten couples to be married shortly, who formerly lived in sin."

"To God be all the glory! This good work has not been wrought by human might, nor power, but by the Holy Ghost."

"I believe this is but the beginning of better days. We shall see greater things than these."

"The revival has given us all more work to do; and sometimes, after a week's services, during which I often preach morning, noon, and night, I feel very fatigued; but I would sooner live only six weeks like the last than live a hundred years as before."

"My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the Sinner's Friend."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

BAPTIST.

The Baptist General Association of Virginia reports 443 Sabbath-schools, of which 400 have 34,843 teachers and scholars, and report 1,309 conversions. The State Mission Board sustained 15 missionaries, at an expense of \$2,500. There are in the Association 645 churches, 341 ministers, 66,136 members, of whom 55,667 are white and 10,469 colored. The baptisms of the year are reported as 3,732.

EPISCOPAL.

A few days ago Bishop Whitehouse appointed the Rev. George F. Cushman, the Rev. Richard F. Sweet, and Judge L. B. Otis to examine the case of the Rev. Charles E. Cheney. That Committee performed the duty assigned, and on the 21st ult. made a presentment, which was served on Mr. Cheney the same day. He is cited for trial on the 21st of July in the Bishop's Cathedral Church. The trial will be public in its character. The charges against Mr. Cheney are for violating articles 7 and 8 of the Constitution of the Church, and for the violation of his ordination vows to the ministry, the doctrines and sacraments as they are set forth and received by the Protestant Episcopal Church. The specifications are that he omits the words "regenerate" and "regeneration" in the baptismal service, and makes other variations from the Book of Common Prayer.

CONGREGATIONAL.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND SUBSTANTIAL "MEMORIAL CHURCH" in Springfield, Mass., was dedicated on the 3d inst. This church was formed on a simple union Evangelical basis, and purely independent organization, not connected with any denomination of Christians. The services of dedication and installation were adjusted to this peculiarity; Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Episcopal churches being invited to constitute the council, and the council being invited simply to bring the fellowship of the churches to a movement already determined upon, and not submitted to their advice in the ordinary form; and in further conformity to these circumstances, provision was made against any possible indisposition on the part of the council to authorize any one of its members to preach the sermon, by calling up the early New England plan, and by the candidate's preaching his own sermon of installation. Several Methodist churches were represented in the body, and several Baptist ministers attended as individuals, their churches taking no notice of the letters-missive. A delegate was in attendance from the Episcopal church in Western, R. I. The sermon of installation was preached by Mr. Eustis, the pastor, in which he strongly affirmed the essential orthodoxy of the Church. While it meant to have no denominational prejudice, or test of faith, it announced the acceptance of Jesus as the Christ, as the sole condition of admission to the Memorial Church, but explained that the church, though it required subscription to none but the Apostle's Creed understood by that an assent to the doctrines of the Trinity of God, the depravity of man, and the necessity of vicarious atonement.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The United Presbyterians' report this year, shows a membership of 65,624, while one authority makes a decrease of 5,000, while another represents it as a small gain. There are 565 ministers (of whom 401 are in service), 726 congregations, 24 churches organized or received and 14 dismissed or dissolved, 567 Sabbath-schools, with 49,874 teachers and scholars. For home missions the appropriations for next year are \$31,400, for freedmen's missions \$12,200, for foreign missions \$70,000. There are 74 students in 5 theological seminaries. The total salaries of pastors and stated supplies were \$388,278; congregational expenses, \$241,983; amount contributed to church funds, \$114,655; general contributions, \$73,725; total contributions, \$818,641; average per member, \$11.38; legacies received by the boards, \$3,948; average salary of pastors, \$823.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

A case of interference with religious convictions occurred the other day in Buffalo, which came very near terminating like the sad Mary Ann Smith case. A young woman, named Ellen Mannie, a domestic, 19 years old, was converted at a Methodist meeting. Her parents, hearing of it, tried every means of decoying her home, that they might get her in their power; but she feared them, and would not go. At length they procured a warrant for her arrest. They asserted that she was but 17 years of age, and under her father's control. She gained permission to retire to her chamber, when she leaped from the window upon a back shed and escaped, and is now where her persecutors cannot find her. It is believed that the intention was to confine her in a nunnery.

DR. MANNING ON "PERSONAL INFALLIBILITY."—It is reported, on what appears to be good authority, that the leading wire-pullers amongst Ultramontane Roman Catholics have determined on putting forward Archbishop Manning to advocate the new dogma of the Pope's personal infallibility at an early session of the forthcoming Latin Council. This proposition will be as stoutly resisted by the French prelates, headed by the Archbishop of Paris and Monseigneur Dupanloup, as by several of the English Roman Catholic bishops. The distinguished Benedictine who has edited the "Bollandist Lives of the Saints," and who will be present at the Council as one of the selected theologians, is reported to believe that this proposed action on the part of Archbishop Manning is also strongly discountenanced by a very large majority of the bishops who have been summoned. — *Globe*.

Lay Delegation.

THE MAINE CONFERENCE AND THE CIRCULARS.

REPLY TO DR. CLARK AND HON. J. J. FERRY.

The articles from the above named gentlemen make it necessary to reply in behalf of the Conference and of the Committee, which it saw fit to appoint. The Committee carefully avoided any discussion of the merits of Lay Delegation and purposely said as little as possible in fidelity to their trust. They assumed that the Clark circular proceeded upon a misapprehension of facts. This is denied. The circular said "The last General Conference adopted a plan, giving the laity representation, hereafter, in the General Conference, which plan is now submitted to a popular vote in the Church." Here are two mistakes. First, The last General Conference did not adopt the plan. Secondly, They did not submit the plan to a popular vote. The report of the Conference provides that "the plan

giving the laity representation," is to be submitted to the Annual Conferences only, and not to the vote of the people at all. It shows also that the adoption of the plan, which changes the constitution of the Church, according to the express provisions of the report, cannot be completed until the General Conference of 1872, and not then unless certain conditions have been met. But my respondent insists that the General Conference adopted the plan and then magnanimously referred the question back to the laity. The plans which the General Conference adopt are, by virtue of that action, finalities until repealed, having been enacted by the highest council of the Church. If they adopted the plan giving Lay Representation, it already has become a part of the constitution of the Church, and the magnanimity of referring the question to the laity for their vote, is simply like asking the people to vote for President after he has been elected by Congress. We all believe in the sincerity and magnanimity of the Conference, but are not willing to allow that they blundered in that way.

2. The Maine Conference is directly charged with being unwilling to leave the question with the laity; and also with opposing the efforts of the laymen to induce their brethren to vote. This is a mistake. The records of the Conference show that it was entirely willing to leave the question with the laity, and did not oppose their efforts to get their brethren to vote. They pledged themselves, by vote, to a faithful observance of the provisions of the General Conference, for carrying the question fairly before the people. They positively declined any action upon the subject until it became necessary to meet the erroneous allegations of the Clark Circular;—and thus prevent an unfair presentation to the people. The Committee on Lay Representation, after a report had been written and unanimously adopted, "with a single exception," distinctly made the offer to Hon. J. J. Ferry, as a known representative of the delegationists, to withhold the report and decline any further action, if the delegationists would withhold their circular, then in their hands. His reply I will not repeat, for his sake, but only say the offer was rejected.

These facts show that their representation of the Conference at this point, is a grave mistake.

3. The Conference is charged with unfairness in the appointment of the Committee. The proof is that "the mover of the resolution, overriding all parliamentary law and usage, clinched the nail by inserting the names of the Committee in the resolution." The Conference accepted the resolution and the Committee. This is their offending.

At the same Conference, a friend of Lay Delegation introduced a resolution requesting a committee on Lay Delegation and "clinched the nail by inserting the names of the Committee in the resolution." Then there was no complaint of unparliamentary usage or undignified tactics. But he was a delegationist, the other, perhaps not. That makes a difference.

4. The suggestion that "the present agitation of the question of Lay Delegation" may be regarded as an "exigency" is declared an ungenerous insinuation. Look at the facts. The agitation of this question has invariably produced strife and alienation. It has been one of the principal moving forces in more than one secession. Its past history may be epitomized in four words, Reform, Mutual Rights, Secession.

There are no reasons for the hope that the present agitation will be an exception to the general rule, only vastly more disastrous. It has already awakened painful discussions and scattered over all our domain the seeds of discord. By false representations of our polity, by odious words and comparisons, by appeals to imaginary dangers and possible evils, it is daily spreading the infection of discontent throughout the Church. Secession is plainly intimated if its demands are not granted, in the following words of one of its chief advocates. "The rights of the laity to participate in the highest councils of the Church, is a sentiment that will grow, and though stifled now, will roll on to another generation, which may claim that loyalty ceases to be a virtue, when representation, the corner-stone of the Republic, is denied in the greatest church in the Republic." The writer of these lines kindly proposes to postpone the revolt to another generation, but motions to postpone often fail, and the seeds of discord now so thickly sown, will yield their dismal harvest before another generation. Thus, if denied, Lay Delegation brings secession, if granted it brings long years of controversy. Why? Because the plan is not what they want; it ignores their most cherished principles and arguments, and they have declared their intention to change it as soon as they get it. This plan, if granted, is to be but the stepping-stone to something not granted. And that is to be obtained, either in a constitutional way, or not. If the former, when they agree upon what they want, which will not be very soon, if their past attempts are to be taken as evidence, then their proposed changes of the organic law must pass around to the Annual Conferences, and then back to the General Conference, and when the matter will end, no living man can tell. But the prime movers do not propose to take that route. They have already plainly hinted their purpose to change the plan, by a vote of the General Conference, when the lay and ministerial delegates shall assemble. They attempted to enact Lay Delegation at the last General Conference, by a majority vote, without any reference to the Annual Conferences or to the people, and now they indicate the design to alter the constitutional law, even though that law should be formally approved by the people and sanctioned by the Annual Conferences, in the same way. They propose to change the plan, which if adopted, becomes a part of the constitution

of the Church, by a vote of the General Conference. This measure is regarded by many of the best minds in the Church as a flagrant violation of the express provisions of our organic law, and of course will be resisted to the last.

Can these attempts be carried out without long years of controversy, and such controversy, says an eminent delegationist, "seems to be little less than a question of life and death."

What has brought the Methodist Church from a condition of general peace and unparalleled prosperity, into these dangers? The Lay Delegation agitation, and that only. Is the suggestion that that agitation may be regarded as an exigency, an ungenerous insinuation, and so ungenerous that a fair-minded man cannot reply—that is, if he has anything to say?

But this exigency the Doctor did not see. Others he did see, one of which is the purchase of real estate in the city of New York, for the use of the Church, amounting to the enormous sum of nine hundred thousand dollars. Has this brought on an exigency in a Church of a million of members; an exigency which is beyond the capacities of the present polity, and which therefore demands a change? The exigency is passed, and without any great strain on our ecclesiastical system. They have made the purchase, and it was made by laymen, who had never been elected to General Conference. It is fairly presumable that they did the business well; if not, it belongs to the delegationists to prove that they would have done it better, had they, or any other laymen, been, once in a life-time, elected to General Conference. So of every other interest which the Doctor is pleased to call exigencies.

Except the Book Concern, they all are now managed by boards of trustees or managers, composed of laymen and clergymen. It is for him to prove, that the election of two laymen from each Annual Conference to the General Conference, once in four years, would make it certain that the business of those corporations would be better managed than it has been.

If he could show that those churches which have adopted Lay Delegation have succeeded better than we have without it, he would take a mighty stride in advance of anything yet said.

[Concluded next week.]

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

HAY-MAKING.—The grass crop is abundant and it is now time to secure it, if we would have it in its best condition. There are some who still cling to the notion that it is better to let the grass stand until it has nearly ripened its seed, but if they will try the experiment fairly, of cutting it earlier, they will continue the practice. Since the introduction of the mowing machine, horse-rake, hay-tedder and horse-fork, haying is not such exhausting work as formerly and the crop is secured in much less time. Less hay is injured by sudden showers, for with a horse-rake an acre can be gathered in a short space of time. No farmer who cuts any considerable quantity of hay can afford to be without the latest improved machines for cutting and securing this crop. After the grass is cut it should be so treated as to retain the good qualities with as little loss as possible, and have it kept well. We have known persons put hay in the barn so slack dry that it would heat and mould and not be worth half price to feed out. This is poor economy surely, when a little longer exposure and a little more work would have insured its keeping. As a general rule, two good bright days are sufficient to make hay. Clover needs different treatment from other grass. It is better to cut it and let it have part or nearly all of one day's sun, and then put it up, and let it corn in the cock one day more, just turning it over, and the third day opening it a little, and that will generally be enough. In this way the leaves will not be lost and the hay will look brighter and be better. With other grasses, the first day, when cut with a machine, the whole should be turned about noon with a tedder by horse-power, and then raked up by the same power early in the afternoon while the hay is yet warm. If hay caps are convenient it is well enough to use them, though we believe that during a long storm the hay will come out better when these are not used. The second day, open the hay as soon as the dew is off, and then just before dinner turn it in the same way as on the previous day, and it will be ready to get into the barn soon after dinner. When grass is cut quite early and is full of its juices, two days, unless very fine, may not be quite enough. In such cases we let it stand the second day in the cock, when it will make considerably. Some beginners may not be able to tell always when the hay is sufficiently cured. Our rule is to take up a wisp of it and rub it between our hands, and if it breaks off, or most of it breaks off, we call it ready to be housed. Some slovenly farmers we know, never cock up their hay at night, — either leave it in beds or winrows, where it is exposed to the dews certainly, and often gets caught in showers or storms. It is impossible that the hay should be so good by such treatment as when properly secured. In our younger days, most all farmers dried their hay too much, and we have often seen the salt that was put on such hay come out as whole in the spring as it went into the hay-mow in July.

It is not desirable, we think, along the sea-coast, to salt hay.

In the country, when the animals crave salt and it is found to be a benefit to furnish it in some way, it will be an excellent plan to get the hay into the barn a little slack dry and salt it.

It is far better never to put hay into a barn where a large number of cattle are kept, though we are fully aware that it is generally done, and that many will be ready to ask where they shall put it, if not where it will be convenient to feed out? The odors from the cattle are absorbed by the hay and it does not remain as sweet as hay stored where there are no cattle kept.

There should be some means of ventilation in every barn, both for the good of the animals and the hay. We know that much attention has been given to the matters we have spoken of during the last ten years, but there is still room for improvement.

STRAWBERRIES.—The season is now upon us when this fruit is plenty. There is a good crop and the fruit is large. It is a good time to take note of the different varieties and to decide what it will be profitable to plant in the future. In this connection we propose to give some few notes upon the kinds most cultivated in Massachusetts. Among the oldest and best is the Hovey's Seedling, which many believe is "running out" and no longer profitable. We differ from such, and declare that we have never seen finer specimens of this sort than this very season, large, handsome and of good flavor. It is true that it requires peculiar treatment or it will disappoint all who plant it. There must be some other variety planted near it that is abundantly supplied with pollen, to supply that deficiency in the Hovey. It will not give so great a quantity of fruit as the Wilson, but we have known five thousand quarts to be gathered from an acre.

The Jenny Lind, another variety raised in Cambridge, is one of the earliest strawberries we know. It is of good size and flavor, and handsome, but some of the growers complain that it is not a large bearer, and it is not, as compared with some of more recent introduction. Those who plant only for their own use will do well to set this variety to a limited extent for home use.

The Wilson is the variety for profit. There is no strawberry to be compared with it for market purposes. It is a pity that the public do not demand a strawberry of better quality, but as long as they are content to buy it, and it yields as it has done, the farmers will raise this sort very largely. We have known six to seven thousand quarts to be raised to an acre, of the Wilson. It is a very sour fruit, with no redeeming quality, and yet, strange as it may seem, there are those who say they like it. There is no accounting for taste. It is large and shows well in the box, basket, or dish.

The plants are quite hardy, though some seasons they do not make runners freely, and occasionally they blast. We know of no variety that will give so large returns in quarts, of fruit as this, and only one that will come near it, and that is the "Lady of the Lake," of which we shall have something to say.

To every person, far or near, who wishes to make money by raising strawberries for sale, we say plant the Wilson.

Brighton Pine is a most excellent variety in every respect. Good size, color, and flavor, and is an abundant bearer. We regard it as one of the very best, though it is not so great a bearer as the Wilson, and will not give so large money returns. It is one of the three sorts we always recommend to our friends for home use, and many of the market gardens raise it extensively for market.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.—The hay crop is of the first importance, and should be looked after.

HOING must not be neglected if good crops are expected.

CORN should receive a second hoeing soon, when it should be thinned out. Don't leave more than three, or if the land is very rich, four plants to a hill. If the ground was not well manured put a little ashes or superphosphate about the plants before hoeing.

GRAPE-VINES should receive almost weekly attention. Pinch in the laterals.

MELONS AND SQUASHES should receive a last hoeing, and the plants reduced to three or four to a hill.

ROOT CROPS should be weeded and thinned out.

The Righteous Dead.

JOHN JEWETT was born in Cornish, Me., Aug. 14, 1795, and died at Kent's Hill, April 14, 1869.

He was converted to God, and united with the M. E. Church at Kent's Hill, under the ministry of Rev. D. Copeland, about forty-five years ago. For many years he held the office of steward in the Church, and was long a member of the Board of Trustees of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and continued to hold both offices till removed by death,—always punctual to the duties involved, never permitting other than weighty reasons to deter him; as a neighbor and citizen highly esteemed, and as a Christian beloved; as husband and father, kind and affectionate; and knew how to govern his household as a Christian. His natural endowments of mind were above ordinary.

His last sickness was long and distressing, but was borne with Christian patience and resignation. No word of complaint, or manifestation of impatience, evinced a spirit of unreconciliation, but

with a calm and unwavering trust in his Saviour, and a good hope of a blessed immortality, he patiently waited the call of the Master. Kent's Hill, June 22, 1869. GEO. WEBBER.

Rev. JACOB STEVENS died in Epping, N. H., March 23, aged 60 years.

He was a native of the town, and at the age of 23 experienced a work of regenerating grace. He soon united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, was faithful, and, after a year or two, had powerful exercises relative to preaching the Gospel of Christ. He attended the Academy at Newmarket, that he might be, in some degree, prepared for the work. He joined the New Hampshire Conference thirty-five years ago. His first appointment was Sandown, where he was well received. Persons there of long and deep experience remembered him, in after years, as having preached the pure Word, which did them good. He applied himself diligently to his calling, and, after a time, rose to fill important places, such as Portsmouth, Dover, Winchester, Northfield, and finally at Claremont, in 1847. There a difficulty of his vocal powers rendered it necessary, although reluctantly, to leave the field. He retired to Epping, became a merchant, and then in the same business, for some years, at Newburyport, Mass. Three or four years ago, he returned to Epping; and last year, being able to resume the work of the ministry, he was appointed to Fremont. But before the year was out, his health failed, and after several weeks of suffering, with much faith, hope, resignation, and peace, he departed this life.

Bro. Stevens possessed a remarkable, calm, quiet, and even frame of mind. Prosperity did not elate, nor adversity depress. He felt that his trust was in God. He left a wife, who sustains a great loss. The Church and Sabbath-school lost one ever warmly devoted to their interests. May God raise up others to enter the whitening fields. FELLOW-LABORER.

Died, in North Brookfield, Mass., June 8, 1869, LIZZIE TOWER, aged 33 years and 9 months. She was the wife of Charles H. Tower, local preacher and member of the North Brookfield M. E. Church.

She possessed a cultivated intellect, of rare clearness and vigor, united with the most delicate and finely-balanced sensibilities, and remarkable self-control. Her was an ethereal nature, in which the spiritual habitually triumphed over the gross and the sensual; one of those greatly needed on earth, but most at home in heaven. Thirteen years ago she gave Christ her heart, and united with the M. E. Church in Southbridge, Mass. It was an unreserved offering. I have never known one more appreciative of the loveliness of the Saviour's character, nor one who delighted more in its study. To the last, therefore, her life was fragrant with the odors of the Rose of Sharon. She was a great sufferer for years, but the disease which ended her life confined her to her bed but a few weeks. They were weeks of intense pain, yet not a murmur, scarcely a moan, escaped her. Her Christian triumph was complete. For weeks she steadily returned the gaze of Death without a tremor, and even with impatience for his dart to strike. She freely and calmly conversed of her near end, made many considerate requests concerning her family and her funeral, and several days before she died, the hymns, selected by herself for her funeral, were sung at her bedside, in response to her desire. When the power of articulation had ceased, and her eyes were already setting, within two or three minutes of the final breathing, she was asked, "Is Jesus precious still?" A slight affirmative movement of the head assured us that Christ and consciousness were with her to the last. That night the waiting angels welcomed a spirit more nearly like their own than often passes the portals of heaven. F. P. TOWER. June 17, 1869.

Mrs. MARY PARKER, aged 59 years, 9 months, widow of Mr. Jonas L. Parker (who was so mysteriously murdered at Manchester, N. H., twenty-four years ago), and daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Huntress, of Portsmouth, died at her residence in that city, June 21.

Sister Parker has been for years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Confined at home, as she has been, by feeble health and lameness for some years, her trials have been known only to those who have visited her there. She has borne her great grief with heroic fortitude and patience, never anxious for the condign punishment of the criminal, but only that some light might be cast upon that dark matter. Twenty-four years cannot blot from the heart the terrible stain of murder, and the conscious criminal may yet live, moving in good society, whose lips will yet confess to the horrid and mysterious crime. His blood yet crieth unto God, from whom no secrets are hid. She lingered in suffering, after a surgical operation, only about two weeks, and passed away thirsting for the water of life, of which she now drinks, thirsting never more. T. L. K.

Died, in Colchester, Ct., Feb. 4, 1869, Bro. BUCKLEY FOOTE, aged 67 years.

Bro. Foote had been a member of the Methodist Church in Colchester for forty years. He labored with Bishop Hedding, when he travelled on that circuit as Presiding Elder. He has been useful as a trustee, steward, class-leader, exhorter, and preeminently useful as a devoted Christian. He struggled for the Master till death struck the casket, and broke it in pieces; but the jewel was carried, untarnished, to its Maker, God. His life was a conquest; his death was a victory. A. W. MILLIS.

Died, at Carolina Mills, May 8, Sister SALLY I. COLLINS, wife of Walcome Collins.

Sister Collins was a member of the M. E. Church in Hopkinton, R. I., and died suddenly, while visiting with a friend at Carolina Mills. She was highly esteemed; a Christian who was very benevolent, and she dared to do right at all times. The Church needs many such women, and can ill afford to part with one. She sleeps in Jesus. A. W. MILLIS. Westerly, June, 1869.

Mother PAINE, widow of the late Rev. Nathan Paine, died in New Bedford, Feb. 27, 1869, aged 72 years.

In 1820, she united in marriage with that man of precious memory — Nathan Paine — and for forty-three years they shared in the joys and sorrows of the itinerant life. Of them it may be said that, on all of their stations "they went about doing good." At the age of 18 years she sought and found the "pearl of great price," and for fifty-three years she cheerfully performed every duty devolving upon her as a disciple of Jesus. She ever manifested a deep interest in the peace and prosperity of the Church of the living God. The last few years of her life were years of great physical suffering, and yet she murmured not, but with a holy resignation she was often heard to say, "It is all right." We believe Mother Paine to be numbered with those who have overcome and entered the paradise of God. L. B. BATES.

HULDA A. COMLIES died in Fort Fairfield, Me., April 17, 1869, aged 30 years.

She was the daughter of Rev. Alphonso and Hulda A. Rogers. Her father went home triumphantly from one of the Aroostook camp-meetings years since, and whose memory is still precious. She experienced religion when about sixteen years of age, but lost its comforts till, within about a year before her death, she was revived, and enabled to bear testimony to the power of the religion of Christ, and to assure surviving friends of victory over the fear of death. L. C. DUNN.

CLARK H. CARR died of consumption, in Roxbury, N. H., May 3, aged 41 years.

Bro. Carr was a much esteemed and faithful member of the M. E. Church, in Keene, N. H. He was a man of superior talents and culture, fond of good reading, and deeply pious. In the army he did good service as an exemplary and brave soldier. He was honored by his townsmen with many offices of trust, who, with his bereaved family, mourn his loss. C. M. DINAMORE.

Keene, N. H., June 21.

Money Letters received from June 26 to July 3.

R. P. Andrews, M. Amos, M. Adams, H. M. Ash, E. M. Anthony, S. Allen.
M. W. Brigham, H. P. Blood, H. R. Bridges, M. J. Brewer, G. W. Barker, C. H. Bray, C. Butterfield, D. P. Bragg, Wm. Butler, A. B. Bussey, N. P. Baker, J. W. Dean, B. K. Bosworth.
C. H. Chase, J. T. Caldwell, Ota Cole, F. D. Chandler, J. C. W. Cox, W. H. Cummings, F. E. Collins, H. Crockett, R. O. Currier.
Carrie Dewey, Henry Dorr, C. Dingman, J. A. Dean, Geo. W. Doughty, R. Dearborn.
W. E. A.
L. P. French, C. H. Fuller.
S. H. Gower, A. Gilman.
F. Hoyt, C. H. Hill, H. Hall, N. Hobart, E. I. Hammond, F. A. Hall, G. F. Houghton.
P. Jaques.
P. G. Kent.
A. R. Lunt, Z. R. Lowell, W. B. Lawton, L. A. Lampher.
H. B. Mitchell, J. McGee, J. Mitchell, G. A. Morse, M. D. Mathews, K. A. Meservey.
E. C. Norton.
L. M. Pond, A. S. Prescott.
S. H. Roberts, M. Ripley.
E. S. Stubbs, E. M. Smith, W. W. Smith, A. R. Scott, B. F. Stinson, C. W. Snow, A. S. Sanderson.
L. T. Tenney, Caleb Taplin, Tillinghast & Mason, L. M. Thurston, F. H. Treadwell.
Z. P. Voss, B. Varium.
H. M. Woods, G. F. Wells, H. W. Worthy, A. A. Walbridge, N. W. Wilder, John Wilcox, J. E. Wesson, G. L. Westgate.
A. Yates.
JAMES P. MAGEE, Agent, 6 Cornhill, Boston.

Marriages.

In East Concord, N. H., June 16, by Rev. E. A. Titus, Rev. F. P. Hamblett, of the N. H. Conference, to Miss Sarah F. Carlton, of East Concord.
In Concord, N. H., June 24, by Rev. L. D. Barrows, assisted by Rev. E. A. Titus, Rev. A. Frank Pitcher, of Portsmouth, West Virginia, to Miss Mary Frank Baker, eldest daughter of Bishop O. C. Baker, of Concord.
In Portsmouth, N. H., June 19, by Rev. H. L. Kelley, John W. Dame, son of John Dame, esq., to Miss Maggie E. Downing, all of Portsmouth.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

The Asbury Grove (Hamilton) Camp-meeting will commence August 16.
Sterling Camp-meeting commences Aug. 23.
Williamian Camp-meeting, Aug. 30.
Kennebunk Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.
Hedding Camp-meeting, Epping, N. H., Aug. 23.
Orient Ministerial Association, at Calais, Aug. 2.
East Poland Camp-meeting, Aug. 23.
Kearse Camp-meeting, Wilmet, N. H., Aug. 30.
Williamian Camp-meeting, Aug. 30. Particulars next week.

* **ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.**—The price of tickets to the Camp-meeting at Round Lake, and return, is: From Boston \$10.75; Green Junction, \$10.75; Fitchburg, \$10.75; Winchendon, \$10.75; Fitchburg, \$10.75; Keene, \$10.00.
Parties leaving either of the above-named points on the 7.30 a. m. train from Fitchburg Depot, Boston, will arrive at Round Lake same day, at 6.55 p. m., and leave same time at Rutland for dinner. Tickets and information to be had of C. A. Faxon, Agent Fitchburg, Rutland and Saratoga Line, 82 Washington Street, Boston, and at the Fitchburg R. R. Depot. Tickets are good to return until July 20.
C. A. Faxon.

The new M. E. Church in Laconia, N. H., will be dedicated on Thursday, the 15th inst., at 2 p. m. Sermon by Rev. E. A. Titus, of Concord, N. H. Rev. G. W. Norris, pastor.

Philip Phillips will sing in Bath, Me., Wednesday evening, July 21.

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING—Via Providence, New York, and Hudson River by boat, from Boston, \$10.00 the round trip, meals and state-rooms extra. Via Boston and Albany, \$10.50. Fitchburg, Cheshire, Rutland, \$10.75. The last is therefore the cheapest, as well as the quickest route. For the latter route, tickets are for sale in Boston at 82 Washington Street.

THE LADIES OF THE METHODIST CHURCHES OF BOSTON AND VICINITY are requested to meet at the Bromfield Street Vestry, Wednesday, July 7, at 3 p. m., to confer on matters pertaining to the Theological Seminary Fair. As large an attendance as possible is desired, as it is an important meeting.
S. L. Holt, Secretary.

ACTION OF THE YARMOUTHPORT CAMP-MEETING COMMITTEE.—At a recent meeting of the Yarmouthport Camp-meeting Committee, the following resolutions were passed, and it was voted that they be forwarded for publication in Zion's Herald:—
1. That the Camp-meeting which has already been announced to begin Aug. 17, be continued nine days.
2. That the societies patronizing the Camp-meeting be, and are hereby requested to observe Friday, Aug. 13, as a day of fasting and prayer, with special reference to the spiritual interests of the approaching meeting. And that the ministers of such churches be, and are hereby requested to call the attention of their respective societies to such observance of the day.
Per order, W. T. Harlow.
Duxbury, July 22, 1899.

VERMONT CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE, MONTPELIER, VT.
Anniversary Exercises, July 18-21.
Annual Sermon, Sunday, at 10 a. m., in the M. E. Church, by the Principal.
Examination of Classes, Monday p. m., and Tuesday.
Address—Subject, "The Heroic in Literature"—before the Athletic Society, on Tuesday, at 7 p. m., in Seminary Chapel, by Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D.
Exercises of the Graduating Classes, on Wednesday, at 10 a. m., in Seminary Chapel.
S. F. Chester, Principal.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT CONFERENCE.—The next session of this Conference will be held at Middleboro', commencing Monday evening, Oct. 4. The programme is as follows:—
Monday Evening, Sermon by J. H. James.
Tuesday, a. m., Three Minute Reports from the Churches. Essays: "Jewish Idea of the Spirituality of God—W. V. Morrison; "Elements of Strength in the Christian Ministry"—W. Livermore. p. m., Exegesis, Matt. xvi. 18, 19—B. K. Bosworth; Essays: "Is the First Day of the Week the True Sabbath"—A. A. Wright; "Present Aspect of the Controversy on the Divinity of Christ"—James May; "Outline of a Sermon on Matt. xvi. 21"—D. P. Leavitt; Essay: "Best Method of Conducting a Prayer-meeting"—A. Anderson. Tuesday Evening, Sermon by M. H. Martin. Wednesday, a. m., Essay: "Nature and Continuance of a Call to the Ministry"—P. Upham; "A True Revival, and How Promoted"—P. Cranston; "Holiness"—R. H. Cobb.
W. V. Morrison, Secretary.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The Trustees of the Seminary will meet at their Office in Bucksport, Tuesday, the 27th of July, at 10 a. m. Bucksport, July 1.
C. Zions, Secretary.

ANNUAL EXERCISES OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, 1899.
Annual Examination commences July 6.

ANNIVERSARIES.
Contest for the Rich Prize, Thursday, July 8, 7.30 p. m. Prize Declaration of the Junior and Sophomore Classes, Friday, July 9, 7.30 p. m.
Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Joseph Cummings, D. D., LL. D., Sunday, July 11, 10.30 a. m.
Sermon before the Missionary Lyceum, Rev. Erasmus Westworth, D. D., Sunday, July 11, 7.30 p. m.
Anniversary Address, Monday, July 12, 7.30 p. m.
Orator, Rev. Gilbert Haven.
Poet, W. H. C. Hosmer, esq.
Gymnastic Exhibition, Tuesday, July 13, 9 a. m.
Meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, Tuesday, July 13, 9 a. m.
Quarter Centennial Celebration of the Middlesex Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, Tuesday, July 13, 7.30 p. m.
Orator, Prof. George F. Comfort.
Poet, Rev. David H. Elna.
Business Meeting and Anniversary of the Alumni Association, Wednesday, July 14, 9 a. m.
Business Meeting of the Army and Navy Union, Wednesday, July 14, 2 p. m.
Commencement Concert, Wednesday, July 14, 7.30 p. m.
Reunions of the Classes of 1844, '54, '60, '62, and '66, Wednesday, July 14.
Alumni Festival, Wednesday Evening, July 14.
Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, Tuesday, July 13, 7.30 p. m.
Commencement, Thursday, July 15, 1899.
Music by Gilmore's Band, of Boston, F. S. Gilmore, Leader.

GRADUATING CLASS.
John Edward Abbott, Henry Smith Carhart, David Carter, Walter Augustus Chadwick, Alden Fitzroy Chase, Nathan Gilbert Cheney, Wilbur Fisk Crafts, Charles Pittman Croft, John Russell Cushing, Edson Warburton Davis, John Samuel Greenfield, Horatio Nelson Hall, Jr., Samuel Emory Holden, Albert Gilbert Japan, Samuel Robinson Kelley, Tancienne Pitty Marsh, David Eugene Miller, Alfred Noon, Frank Edward Porter, John Hale Powers, George Edward Reed, Jonathan Edwards Richards, Henry Alanson Starks, Albert Aurelius Tyler, Joseph Dame Weeks, Caleb Thomas Winchester, Harvey Woodward.

THE KEARSARGE CAMP-MEETING will be held at Wilmet, N. H., commencing Aug. 30. Railroad arrangements liberal, of which due notice will be given.
Keene, June 26. G. W. H. Clark.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

CONCORD DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.
July—17, 18, Concord (D. C. Babcock); 17, 18, Manchester (E. A. Titus); 17, 18, Manchester, First Church (C. W. Taylor); 17, 18, Bow (J. Mowry Bean); 24, 25, Fisherville (A. C. Manson); 24, 25, Suncook (N. F. Philbrook); 31, Aug. 1, Loudon (Geo. Beebe); 31, Aug. 1, Chichester (W. Applebee).
August—7, 8, Bristol (N. Culver); 7, 8, Hill (E. A. Drew); 14, 15, Laconia (S. K. Quimby); 14, 15, Plymouth (Geo. W. Norris); 21, 22, Haverhill (H. Chandler); 21, 22, Piermont (H. S. Ward); 28, 29, North Haverhill (S. F. Lougee); 28, 29, Swiftwater (H. A. Matson).
September—4, 5, East Haverhill; 4, 5, Warren (J. M. Durrell); 4, 5, Rumney (L. L. Eastman); 11, 12, Lisbon and Lyman; 18, 19, Sanborn; 18, 19, Littleton (A. B. Russell); 18, 19, Landaff (J. M. Bean); 25, 26, Sandwich and Montpelier; 25, 27, Tuftonboro' (M. T. Ciley); 25, 26, Ossipee (C. A. Cressy); 25, 26, South Tamworth (M. Sherman).

The above-named brethren, Elders, are authorized to hold each other's Quarterly Meetings entire, and also, if desirable, to change the days, by mutual arrangement. And the Presiding Elder hopes to spend a Sabbath with several of the charges, of which private notice will be given.
The Bath Camp-meeting will commence Sept. 6.
District Stewards' Meeting, on the Camp-ground, Sept. 9, 1 p. m.
L. D. Barrows.

WORCESTER DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.
July—3, 4, Gardner; 4, p. m., East Templeton; 4, evening, South Royiston; 10, 11, Fitchburg; 11, p. m., Lunenburg; 11, eve, Townsend; 15, Athol; 17, 18, Ashburnham; 18, p. m., Winchendon; 21, East Pepperell; 22, Groton Junction; 24, 25, Leominster; 25, p. m., Clinton; 29, Barre; 30, Hubbardston; 31, Aug. 1, Princeton.
August—1 p. m., Oakdale; 7, S. Whitinsville; 8 p. m., East Douglas; 12, Wales; 13, Monson; 14, 15, Ware; 15, p. m., Warren; 21, 22, Worcester, Main Street; 30, Park Street.
September—3, Spencer; 4, West Northbrookfield; 5, p. m., Brookfield; 5, evening, West Northbrookfield; 5, Webster Square; 10, Dudley; 11, 12, Webster; 11, p. m., Oxford; 18, 19, Southbridge; 19, p. m., Charlton; 22, Shrewsbury; 23, Laurel Street; 25, 26, Milbury; 26, p. m., New England Village.
October—5, a. m., Leicester; 5, p. m., Cherry Valley.
L. CROWELL.

LYNN DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.
July—Reading, 10, 11; Wakefield, p. m., 11; Stoneham, eve, 11; Gloucester, 11, 12; Rockport, p. m., 13; Riverdale, eve, 13; Groveland, 24, 25; Hyfield, p. m., 25; Newburyport, 1st Church, eve, 25; Purchase St., 26; Trinity Church, July 31, and Aug. 1.
August—East Somerville, p. m., 1; Somerville, eve, 1; Woburn, 7, 8; Medford, p. m., 8; Saugus, 9.
(Remainder next week.) J. HANCOCK.
Shrewsbury, July 1, 1899.

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.
July—Warren, 4; Fall River, First Church, 10, 11; Brayton Church, 11, p. m.; Bristol, 12; Providence, Mathewson Street, 14; Portsmouth, 17, 18; Middletown, 18, p. m., evening; Providence, Broadway, 20; Dighton, 24, 25; North Dighton, 25, p. m., evening; Fall River, St. Paul's, 26; North Church, 28; East Greenwich, 31, Aug. 1.
(Remainder next week.) S. C. BROWN.

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101 July 8, 4t 117*

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July 8, 4t 77*

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